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61st Congress }  
3d Session }

SENATE

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U.S. 61st Cong., 3d sess., 1910-1911

# ALEXANDER S. CLAY

(Late a Senator from Georgia)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF  
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS  
THIRD SESSION

Proceedings in the Senate  
February 18, 1911

Proceedings in the House  
February 19, 1911

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JOHN A. ALEXANDER

## DEATH OF HON. ALEXANDER S. CLAY

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### PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MONDAY, *December 5, 1910.*

The Vice President (James S. Sherman, of New York) called the Senate to order at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, in whose presence we now stand, look with favor, we pray Thee, upon Thy waiting servants now before Thee, and graciously hear the common supplication which with one heart and with one mind we make unto Thee.

The absent faces remind us anew that it is not in us who walk to direct our steps, and that we are ever dependent upon Thee, without whom not a sparrow falleth. We remember before Thee, our Father, those of our body whom Thou hast called from these earthly courts to Thine higher service, and pray that there as here they may be compassed about by Thine everlasting arms.

And for us, as we gird ourselves for the work to which Thou hast called us, we pray that we may be guided by Thy wisdom, and upheld by Thy strength; that this session, begun in Thy name, may be continued by Thy grace and ended to Thy glory.

And unto the name which is above every name will we render praise, now and for evermore. Amen.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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Mr. BACON. Mr. President, with great personal sorrow, which I know is fully shared by all Senators, by whom he was so universally beloved, I have to announce to the Senate the death of my late colleague, Senator ALEXANDER S. CLAY. He died three weeks ago, on the 13th day of November, in Atlanta, Ga., near his home.

The time and the occasion, Mr. President, will not now permit, but hereafter, during the present session of Congress, I shall ask the Senate to set apart a day when suitable tribute may be paid to his memory.

I now, Mr. President, offer the following resolutions for the consideration of the Senate:

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Secretary will read the resolutions offered by the Senator from Georgia.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ALEXANDER S. CLAY, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

JANUARY 21, 1911.

Mr. BACON. Mr. President, I desire to give notice, speaking for my colleague and myself and also for the Senators from Iowa, that on Saturday, the 18th day of February, we shall ask the Senate at half past 2 o'clock to suspend the ordinary business for the purpose of listening to tributes to be paid to the memory of my former colleague, Mr. CLAY, and of the former Senator from Iowa, Mr. Dolliver.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

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SATURDAY, *February 18, 1911.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence and with whom the souls of the faithful evermore dwell, to Thee alone can we turn in this hour of sorrow and of loss. Thy compassions have been ever of old, and because Thy faithfulness changeth not, therefore are we not cast down. As Thou dost call us to this day of memory, when not as we would but as we are able to speak forth the praise of Thy servants, help us, we pray Thee, by the light of their lives to be faithful in duty, loyal to the service of our country, and obedient to the heavenly vision, because of those who walk no more with us on earth.

And unto Thee, who art the light of them that sit in darkness and who dost comfort all that mourn, giving beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, will we ascribe praise now and for evermore. Amen.

Mr. BACON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### ADDRESS OF MR. BACON, OF GEORGIA

MR. PRESIDENT: It was a sad meeting of Senators when Congress convened in December last. As they gathered in this Chamber there were four vacant seats, four names absent from the roll.

Since the end of the former session, and in the interval of five short months, four who were Members of this body and so long familiar to these scenes had passed away and gone to their final rest.

As the Vice President announced the close of the session in June he said, "Please God that when the Senate assembles again next December we shall all be here." The echo of his fervent wish had scarcely died away before the veteran McEnery received his death stroke while still upon the railroad train that only bore him to his home in time to die among his loved ones. And then within five days thereafter passed from earth the knightly soul of Daniel. Only too soon thereafter from the West there flashed over the electric wire the dire news that the brilliant Dolliver was dead. Last of these, and but three weeks before we convened in the present session, in his final sleep were closed the eyes of my own honored and loved colleague, ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY. Each of these was a prominent figure in this Chamber. The eldest of the four, McEnery, patient under a physical infirmity which debarred him



from many of the enjoyments within the reach of others, firm and unswerving in his adherence to policies and measures approved by him. Daniel, eloquent in speech, in manner courtly, classic in mold of feature, and in his halting gait ever a picturesque reminder of the titanic struggle in which he bore his part. Dolliver, the orator whose voice rang out like a clarion and whose onset in debate was like a battle charge. And CLAY, ever at his post, alert to every duty, unwearying in labor, strong and fearless in debate, seeking out and challenging every wrong, a very tribune of the people.

The passing of these four Senators could but leave a great void in our midst; and their deaths, all announced in this Chamber within the same hour, presented a scene such as has never before been witnessed in the Senate since the foundation of the Government, and which, pray God, may never again be seen within these walls!

The life of my late colleague was from his childhood one of unwearying activities, one of unceasing struggle for that which was for the better and the higher. With him, from boyhood, each attainment was but a step upon the stairway that led to a higher plane of advancement.

He was not cradled in luxury nor were the muscles of his early boyhood softened in indulgent ease. He was the eldest son of a modest farmer in Cobb County, Ga., where he was born. During his boyhood he assisted his father in the manual labor of the farm. At one time, since the date when he became a United States Senator, when passing with him through his native county, he pointed out to me a field where as a boy, during the time spared from school, he had for years himself guided the plow and assisted in making the crops. On that same day he narrated to me an incident to which later events lent a more than ordinary interest. It was that, three years after the close of the Civil War,

he was called from his plow in the field to the bordering roadside by his father and presented to one who was passing by and who was to him unknown. It proved to be Gen. John B. Gordon, the battle-scarred veteran who, at 32 years of age, had, by Lee's personal selection, commanded the right wing of his dauntless army. Gordon took the wide-eyed boy by the hand, commended his industry, and predicted for him a prosperous future. The boy with swelling heart returned to his plow, which he had left in the furrow, and he who was to his youthful imagination the magic hero went upon his way. Twenty-eight years after that first meeting, when Gen. Gordon closed his last term of service here, he who had then met him as the 15-year-old farmer boy succeeded him as a Senator from Georgia in this body.

While young CLAY was thus busy with the needs of the farm, they were not allowed to deny to him the advantages of a liberal education, and from the common and high schools, through the successive grades of which he passed, he was transferred to Hiawassee College, in the State of Tennessee, where in due time he was graduated with distinction. As the college doors closed behind him, he girded himself for the life work, which only ended when he finally laid down his burden 35 years later. During the years while he guided the plow in the field and conned his lessons in the village school, visions of advancement and place and fortune had stirred within him. And now that opportunity was his, the profession of the law was that with which he proposed to achieve fortune and leadership and position in public life. These he was to seek through the avenues to distinction opened in the career of a successful lawyer, the prize he set himself to win. Like so many men who in America have later achieved the highest place, when he left college he taught school while he prepared

himself for admission to the bar. This he did for two years, teaching his scholars by day and himself studying the law books at night. Among those scholars was a charming, fair-haired girl, Miss Frances White, who soon thereafter became his loving and devoted wife, sharing his every burden, inspiring him in every effort, encouraging him in every struggle, and proud of him in all his successes, ending with the highest honors within the power of the State to bestow. With his admission to the bar, his work of preparation was ended, and, like a strong athlete who begins a race, he entered the lists of endeavor.

His rise at the bar was rapid, continuous in its progress, and certain and conspicuous in its achievement. So much so that within a few years, while still a very young man, he was one of the recognized leaders in a bar of exceptional ability. His success in his profession brought him not only prominence but also material reward. But it was not for him to be content with the fame of a successful lawyer nor with its pecuniary rewards. He was not indifferent to the one nor neglectful of the other, but from the not distant field there fell upon his ears and fired his imagination the echoes of political struggles, in which he was only too eager to take a part; and his pulses quickened as out of the mists of the years that stretched out before him phantom arms seemed to beckon him on to the public arena. He had not long to await his opportunity.

The same qualities which so distinguished him here made him a leader in his community and section. Soon he was chosen to represent his county in the legislature of the State, where he served for six consecutive years. Here again his ability and superior qualities brought him success, and during the last two years of his service he was elected and served as speaker of the house of repre-

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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sentatives. From the house of representatives he was transferred by popular election to the State senate, where he was, upon his first entrance, chosen as the president of that body, and so continued until the expiration of his term two years later. From being a local leader in his own section he had become a recognized leader in his State. In all the Commonwealth there was no man of wider and more active personal influence, and there have been few public men who could confidently number so many warm personal and political friends. Without seeking the position, he was chosen the head and leader of the Democratic Party in his State, and guided and conducted it through the most exciting struggle for political mastery with the Populist Party. Soon thereafter an unexpected stroke of fate opened the door to him which led to the Senate. Upon the approaching close of the senatorial term of Gen. John B. Gordon, Charles F. Crisp, former Speaker of the National House of Representatives, had by a popular primary in the State been chosen to succeed him; but on the eve of the assembling of the legislature which was to elect him, while his hand was outstretched to receive the commission which would consummate his life's ambition, he was suddenly stricken in death, and the legislature, in his stead, chose CLAY to succeed Gordon in the Senate.

He came here March 4, 1897, when 43 years of age, and was then sworn into office. Together on that day we walked from this Chamber and witnessed on the east front of the Capitol the first inauguration of McKinley on as beautiful a day as ever shone upon this or any other city.

Within the limits proper for these remarks it is a difficult task, and in a degree an impossible one, to speak in reasonably adequate terms of his labors and services

as a Senator. From the outset he grappled earnestly with the task he had here set for himself. He was active and untiring in his labor and in his studies, and with each succeeding month he acquired to a greater and still greater extent a mastery of the work to be done in the Senate, until not only in the end, but during many years preceding the end, he was known to all the Senate, and to all the public as well, as one of the most hard-working, best-informed, and efficient of all the Senators.

Few people realize, or indeed imagine, to the extent of one-tenth of the reality the great range and extent of the labors of the Senator who shirks no duty, who sets no limit upon the range of his activities, and who endeavors to set his hands to the work of the Senate wherever it is presented to him. It is a fact, realized by all who have been in a position to properly judge, that the work of the Senator has more than doubled within the past 13 years. This has resulted from the growth of the country and the very great development and increase in governmental work and in the enlargement and multiplication of governmental functions. But this is not the only explanation of the vast range of the work of a Senator. Because the Senate is a body small in numbers, and because of its liberal rules of procedure, each Senator has the opportunity for participation and activity in every phase of the Senate's work. He is not limited to the range of a particular subject of legislation, as is largely the case with members of other legislative bodies having a large number in membership and with restrictive rules. The business of the Senate, and the scope of its subjects for debate as well, are as wide as all the affairs of this great Government, not only in relation to its own internal affairs, but also in regard to its relations to the business and politics of all the earth. No small arena is this, and great is his task who daily engages in



its struggles and who, by study and thought, is fitted for the arduous work.

There are some Senators who labor only in the work of committees and who take no part in the debates. There are other Senators who do little work on committees and who are only active in speeches or in the debates. Senator CLAY was one of the small number who do both. It may be confidently said that there was not in the Senate a more diligent and faithful worker than he on its committees and in its daily routine duties. It is equally true that he was one of the most active debaters in the Senate. Not only was he an almost daily participant in the current debates, but when great issues were at stake, after careful study he prepared and delivered elaborate and exceptionally strong speeches upon the questions involved therein. Perhaps the most notable of these was his speech in opposition to the ship-subsidy bill in 1902. This was most carefully prepared and was an exceedingly strong and notable speech, and attracted the marked attention and enlisted the strongest commendation of the press and country at large. It made a deep impression upon the Senate. It was recognized by all as far and away the strongest speech which was delivered in that notable debate and as having exerted a potent influence in defeating the passage of the bill.

Many other speeches of high excellence were made by him of which time will not now permit the mention, but among them his speeches on the Sugar Trust will be long remembered. In addition to the work of the committees and in the open sessions of the Senate, his general work on a hundred lines, which are ever pressing here, but of which the public knows little, was immense. He not only did his own work, but was constantly helping his colleagues in the House and Senate in accom-

plishing theirs. In common parlance he was constantly "on the go," either on his own business or that of some of his colleagues. No one ever appealed to him in vain for assistance.

He was a lovable man and he was greatly beloved on both sides of this Chamber. That this was true of him every Senator who served with him will attest; and in Georgia no public man has ever been personally more widely loved than was he. His attention to duty, his fidelity to his trust, his capacity, and his official and personal integrity had all made a deep impression upon the general public at large, and the announcement of his death elicited from the press and public men throughout the country heartfelt tributes to his worth and public services such as have been rendered to few others. He was the uncompromising foe of extravagance in the Government and as well of every form of corruption. Of everything that could benefit the people at large he was the active champion. It was no affectation in him that he loved the common people and was devoted to their interest. It was with him an instinct, a part of his organization. He had drunk it with his mother's milk and it was bred into his blood and bone. To no safer man than he could have been intrusted the guarding of the people's interest.

Mr. President, I have personally known 30 years of legislative life, 14 years in the legislature of my State, with annual sessions, and 16 years in the Senate of the United States. In those 30 years I have been intimately associated with several thousand legislators, and I now say, with confidence in the correctness of my judgment, that, among all those thousands and in that long experience, I have never known a legislator who combined in a higher degree all at the same time the excellence of industry, fidelity, and capacity in the work of legislation.

Those who labored with him in the work of committees know how industrious and how valuable he was in that sphere of work.

The Senate and the public knew of his activity in debates and in the work of the open session, while many thousands will attest his never-failing services in the vast multitudes of matters which press daily for the attention of a Senator and of which the general public knows nothing.

There can be but little doubt but that in his death he was a self-immolated martyr to his official duty as he conceived it. For more than a year he had been in a very alarming and precarious condition of health. With each succeeding month his progressing decline was painfully apparent to those who stood nearest to him. It was not doubted by those who watched him most closely that each day's labor was fixing more and more plainly the stamp of death upon him. He was daily conjured by them to leave the work and seek the restoration of his health, but in vain. He steadfastly refused to go. Three Democratic members of the Appropriations Committee were absent, seriously ill, and a fourth was attending the bedside of a member of his family in a well-nigh fatal illness, and he would not leave his post. With the shadow upon him of the wing of the hovering death angel he remained until the close of the session, and then went home to die.

Mr. President, throughout Georgia there was universal sorrow when he died; and all will agree that his death has caused a great loss to the country and to the Senate. Of the personal loss that it has brought to me I can scarcely venture to speak. I have known him for 30 years past. During the 14 years that he has been a Senator I have been most closely and most intimately associated with him, and during that time I have grown



to love him as Jonathan loved David. During all those years there was never a clash or a difference between us. There was never a jealousy or rivalry between us. There was never a time when each of us was not glad to advance the interests of the other. I was the older in years and in official life, and yet I grew to lean heavily upon him and drew strength from his sustaining support. I miss him every day and every hour. To me there still come the echoes of his voice, while in absent moments I look to his accustomed seat, as if again to see him there.

Mr. President, I have consumed all the time which now is properly mine, and yet it seems to me that I have said nothing as I should of my dead friend, and I linger reluctant to say my last word of him.

At his bier stood four generations of his immediate family—his revered father and mother, each beyond fourscore in years; his loved wife and brothers; his dear children, five sons and one daughter; and his not less dear little grandson, who bears and will transmit his name.

With this grief-stricken family, and with the whole sorrowing community, on a beautiful hilltop, in the closing hour of a golden autumn day, we laid him to his final earthly sleep to await another dawn—"some radiant Easter beyond the gates of Night."

#### ADDRESS OF MR. SCOTT, OF WEST VIRGINIA

MR. PRESIDENT: It is always a sad occasion when we meet together in this body to speak of the death of one of our associates whose work for the betterment of mankind has been finished. Truly, he is the most worthy servant who doth well and brings sunshine into the lives of others. True wealth is of the heart, not of the hand; and ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY was a man whose ear was ever ready to listen to the grievances of his fellow man and to truly champion his cause if he considered that he was being unfairly dealt with or neglected.

I had the honor of being appointed as one of the representatives of this honorable body to attend the funeral services of Mr. CLAY at his home in Marietta, Ga. The heartfelt sympathy and loss of a community is shown by the last tribute paid to the one who has passed over the river of life into the great beyond. It was plainly manifest through the State, and especially at Marietta and Atlanta, that the hearts of the citizens of that Commonwealth keenly felt their loss by the tribute they paid him who had served them with fidelity and sincerity of purpose for so many years. For humanity gives in love what we render in faith, and after all there is a great deal of humanity in human nature, even if it takes death to awaken one to the sense of love and gratitude which lies dormant in the mind and heart. In the death of Senator CLAY the State of Georgia not only lost an able representative, an honest representative, but she lost a most worthy citizen, one whose place will be hard to fill in this body.

Thomas Carlyle said, "Do the duty that lies nearest thee, the next is already clearer;" and Mr. CLAY's public life is an example of this saying. He was fearless in his utterances when once he was convinced that he was fighting under the right flag and for a just cause, for he was one who did not attempt to win the crown of life by dodging the crosses which are to be borne by mankind, for he believed that one deed of right was worth a world of all that we hold as creeds. Surely man must stand by that which is right, for when the years that we shall pass on earth are at an end our measures of life's deeds, and our bequest to mankind through the influence of the life we lived, we are judged by the noble deeds that we have done, for the man who leaves a lasting memory to the world is the man who does good deeds to and for his fellow man.

It was my privilege, in the 12 years I have been a Member of this body, to be thrown into close personal relations with the late Senator CLAY on several committees. I think there is no place where we really learn the true character of a man or appreciate his worth as much as we do with those with whom we are associated in committee work. He was always broad in his views on matters before the committees, yet conservative, and, above all things, fair to all sections and people, and with a most fervent desire to protect the interests of the Government. He asked for nothing more than he was willing to concede to others, and he was of a most genial nature, companionable, and lovable.

Well do I remember that upon one occasion he secured an authorization for a site and building in a town in his own beloved State. Shortly after, at another meeting of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, he called its attention to the fact that he had made investigation in reference to the matter and was very sorry to

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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say that he found that he had been misinformed and misled as to the needs of such a building, and stated that it was his purpose, if opportunity offered, to rectify as far as possible the wrong which would be done the Government should such a building be erected. That, to me, bespoke the man's true character. His presence and efforts on the committee were most helpful to me, and I am sure I voice the sentiment of my colleagues when I say that it was most pleasant and beneficial to have him as one of its members.

Senator CLAY's voice will never again be heard in this Chamber; but his influence, written in "memory's halls," will be felt not only in this generation, but for generations to come, as his record will be one of the beacon lights for others who shall follow.

We mourn his loss, but are thankful for his great qualities of character and for the uplifting influences of his life. For—

What is our duty here? To tend  
From good to better—thence to best;  
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend  
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;  
To pluck the flowers that round us bloom,  
Scattering our fragrance as we go.  
And so to live, that when the sun  
Of our existence sinks in night,  
Memorials sweet of mercies done  
May shine our names in memory's light,  
And the blest seeds we scattered bloom  
A hundredfold in days to come.

ADDRESS OF MR. TALIAFERRO, OF FLORIDA

MR. PRESIDENT: My personal acquaintance with Senator CLAY began on my coming here as a Member of this body nearly 12 years ago. I knew him, of course, as one of the group of great and patriotic men of which his State may be justly proud, but to appreciate his full worth, the uprightness of his character, the thorough justness of his nature, the cleanness of his life, and his devotion to duty one had to know him through close and intimate association.

We here, Mr. President, so knew him, and for my part I can scarcely recall ever having met a more conscientious or faithful man. He was faithful in his friendships, in his duty, and loyal to the principles in which he believed. All of his career, from his boyhood days to the end of his life, fully sustains this estimate of his character. He was an earnest and faithful student of school and college, earnest and faithful in his work of teaching to provide means to complete his education, earnest, honest, and faithful to the people in all of the positions to which they called him, and deserving of his steady advancement from the city council of his home town through the assembly and senate of his State to a seat in this Senate, whose wisdom and moderation in its relations to the complex problems of peace and war have won for it the name of the greatest deliberative body of the world.

He regarded the position of Senator as no light or trivial honor. He esteemed it the highest in the gift of his State. He knew its responsibilities and appreciated

its dignity; and he gave in return a zeal and devotion worthy of our finest and best traditions.

Nor can less be said of his private life. He was a devoted husband, a patient, indulgent, and affectionate father, and an exemplary citizen, who enjoyed and deserved the love and esteem of his friends and neighbors.

I was a member of the Senate committee which attended his funeral at his Georgia home; and, while the duty was a sad one, there was nevertheless a sense of comfort in being able to show to his memory some small measure of the respect and affection in which I held him as a man. And it was a gratification to see from the vast concourse of people embracing every walk in life—old and young, rich and poor, white and black—assembled from all the surrounding country to do honor to his memory, that our high estimate of his character was borne out at his own home; for there, where they knew him best, they loved him most. The signs of sorrow in their faces, the touching eulogies, the wealth of flowers, all eloquently testified that a good man, an upright citizen, and a faithful friend had passed away.

I know of no duty here which Senator CLAY shirked or performed in a half-hearted way. Diligent and faithful in all things, he was unwilling to concede to himself even that measure of rest which the preservation of his health demanded. He had pronounced views on the principles of government, and hesitated at no sacrifice of time or thought to make clear and plain to others the truth as he saw it.

In the tariff session of 1909 Senator CLAY was a close listener to all the discussions and a deep student of the many problems involved. He took part in the debates with ability, eloquence, and force. He was a dependable contestant on the Democratic side and a wise and experienced legislator and counselor.



I believe that the arduous work of that session undermined his health and led ultimately to his death; and so it may be said, I think, that he sacrificed his life to his high sense of duty.

Some of the religions of the Far East, Mr. President, teach their followers that the slaying of enemies in battle is one of the highest duties of the faithful and surely to be rewarded by a place in Paradise. They therefore invite death with a courage so matchless as to startle the world.

The purpose of our Government, Mr. President, is not to kill or to destroy, but to establish justice, insure tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

It is not founded upon the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence alone, for they are but parts of a fabric which rests upon that deeper and more enduring foundation, the teachings of the Prince of Peace—peace on earth and good will toward men.

In the many problems which come before us we seem at times to forget this true purpose and to wander into devious ways, but if the tangled thread be traced to the end it will be found to lead unerringly to that high purpose of the fathers to establish on this soil a government so sound in principle as to endure throughout the ages. The aim of good government is, as Senator CLAY realized, peace and good will and happiness for all. He recognized that there is no higher science than the science of government, and knew fully the importance of study and thought—the light of wisdom—to illumine the work of legislation.

He had a profound consciousness of the responsibilities of those who make laws for their fellow men; and the manner of his life and death shows that he regarded no sacrifice too great to make and no penalty too heavy to pay in such a cause.

And so, when we review his career, its zeal and faithfulness, and analyze his conceptions of the high and sacred purposes of government, we must bow our heads in approval and say to ourselves and among ourselves that here, too, was a soldier who died in battle. Not in battle to kill and destroy, but to insure to mankind forever the inestimable blessings of peace and happiness.



ADDRESS OF MR. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: I have not the strength—I do not feel able to say much on this occasion. It is a sad one for all of us, and peculiarly sad to me, for since I was borne from this city last March, to all intents and purposes, and the expectations of myself and my friends, a dead man, or one who would never return, and then find that I am here still, I feel the transitory nature of human life. We are as shadows who pursue one another, and soon there is an end.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The high places we have achieved here are but a step to the last resting place. All this I feel very deeply. But I would be unjust—reercant to myself—if I did not try to put a flower on each of these newly made graves.

Since I went away, death has cut a wide swath in the Senate. Six of our fellows have taken that journey—

From whose bourn no traveler returns.

I feel death is even now peeping at us around this Chamber somewhere and selecting the next to summon.

I loved these two men. They were worthy of my love. They were worthy of the admiration that we all felt for them. No two Senators who have ever been here have been more faithful to duty or endeavored more thoroughly and completely to discharge it as they understood it. I say that not because I want to pay them a compliment. Such is not my purpose. I simply want to tell the truth.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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Dolliver, as we all called him, was a great man. Great men are plentiful in this country, but not as great as Dolliver. Good men are plentiful in this country, but not as good as CLAY. They both have left us and we know not how soon our own time may come. I feel that with especial force. But—but, I can not go on, Mr. President. I have thoughts, but the words will not come. So I will sit down.

## ADDRESS OF MR. LODGE, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. PRESIDENT: My acquaintance, which soon grew into friendship, began with Senator CLAY when he entered the Senate. We formed a standing pair which continued unbroken throughout his service. This brought us gradually into a close relation, and I came to know him well. Increased knowledge brought increased friendship and respect, which is not always the case. He was eminently a lovable man. His simplicity of nature, the directness of his outlook upon men and upon life, his straightforward ways, his kindness and sympathy all grew upon one, were all qualities that appealed alike to one's affection and respect. He had fought his way up in the world and attained to the highest positions by hard work and by the strong, simple qualities of both mind and character. But he had none of the aggressive vanity which too often accompanies such a career and such achievements. Because he had learned something for himself he did not at once conclude that it was unknown until it had appeared above his own horizon. Because in the ocean of human thought he discovered an island, he did not immediately decide that it had never before been trodden by man. He was wholly free from that consuming egotism which is of such a quality that it can permit nothing but its possessor to be seen or heard. This, in a roundabout way, is saying that Senator CLAY was as modest as he was simple and as unpretentious as he was straightforward.

I have thus spoken of him as a friend, of the qualities which made him a friend to be desired and loved, all

too insufficiently I well know, but that is the thought which is uppermost in my mind. I must think first, when I come to speak of him here, as the friend I have lost.

It would be most unsatisfying, however, to stop there. Others, better instructed than I, will give here the record of his early life, of his labors and success, and of his steady progress to distinction and to fields of large usefulness. But I can not close without a word as to his public service as I saw it here from day to day and year to year. Senator CLAY was a good Senator, a good and an able legislator. He was diligent and thorough, and was especially industrious in that unadvertised but essential task, the work of committees, where laws and policies are shaped and where the glaring and deceptive headline rarely penetrates. He was equally diligent and painstaking on the floor. Better than anyone else, perhaps, can I bear witness to his faithful attendance, to his rare absence from a vote. He came well prepared to debate and knew and understood the subjects he discussed, but although he took a due share in all discussions, he wasted no time and never sought to utter words merely for the pleasure of utterance. He was not a time waster and was impatient of that pleasing occupation when indulged in by others. He was a high-minded, honorable man, a faithful public servant, an honor alike to the State which sent him and to the Senate of the United States. He bore his ill health and its trials with great patience and courage and kept at his work with conscientious fidelity under great difficulties. His death left a gap here not easily to be filled, but to his friends will always remain a sense of abiding loss, for he commanded not only public confidence, but the affection of all who knew him well.

ADDRESS OF MR. OVERMAN, OF NORTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: For Senator CLAY I entertained a real affection. For him as a Senator I had great respect, and I would be untrue to myself if I did not add to what has been already so beautifully and justly said, a simple and modest tribute to his memory.

The great State of Georgia has furnished to the country a long list of great men who have been distinguished at the bar, in the pulpit, and in statesmanship, some of whom have gained renown in the Halls of Congress.

She may have had greater orators, for I doubt if any State ever produced such thrilling orators as Bishop George F. Pierce and Benjamin H. Hill. She may have had some greater statesmen, for few States have furnished greater statesmen than William H. Crawford, Robert Toombs, and Alexander H. Stephens, who in statecraft had few superiors. But Georgia has never had a more faithful representative to serve her in this body; her people have had no more loyal, devoted public servant or one who did more for his State than ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY.

He first saw the light upon a farm in the beautiful and fertile Piedmont section of Georgia,

Where the heart of nature  
Beats strong amid her hills.

There, as Burns said of the poetic genius of Scotland, the guardian fate of his native State—

Found him at the plow and threw her inspiring mantle over him.

From young manhood to that scene which was his latest he could always be found in the path of duty and honor. He grew up in the country, among the plain people. He was one of them. He had their confidence to a marked degree, and they had his love; and their interests he always had at heart. From the hour he entered public life his State heaped honors upon him, refusing not even the highest and rarest in her gift, until, while yet in his young manhood, they elevated him to a seat in this body. Three times he was elected to represent his State in the Senate of the United States—twice elected without opposition—and at the time of his sad taking-off he was serving the middle of his third term. Almost to the very last, while disease and almost the hand of death was upon him, he remained here at his post of duty, unmindful and heedless of the advice and urgent appeals of his friends and colleagues to desist from work and go away for rest.

He will be remembered here as one of the most industrious and painstaking Members of this body—always in his seat and ready to debate any question which would arise; and he never spoke but what he shed light and information upon the subject under consideration. He had an exalted conception of duty and superb courage to do it. Nothing could swerve him from doing that which he conceived was for the best interest of the people of his native State and the country.

In all the relations of life Senator CLAY was a good man, a loving husband, a kind and indulgent father, a devoted son to his old father and mother, who still survive him; a loyal friend, he was faithful, gentle and kind, modest but bold, generous but brave. He was a Christian gentleman, worshiped by his family, loved by his people, admired by his colleagues, and the pride of his State.

Mr. President, within the short time of 12 months death has invaded our midst and cast its dark chilling shadow over this Chamber, and six of our colleagues have been borne away by the mysterious rider upon the pale horse into the great beyond—a journey which the humble and the great, the rich and the poor, and we, too, all alike, some day must take. We are continually brought face to face with the great mystery. Every day some friend departs, and fewer and fewer our band of friends become. And we are reminded that—

There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.

Senator CLAY was a firm believer in the Christian religion. He had great faith in the immortality of the soul. With him it was not death to die. He was a regular attendant upon the worship of God. I have often met him on the Sabbath day wending his way to church to spend an hour in worship. His life duty done, laying aside the sorrows and troubles which infest this fitful life of ours, while the full orb of his being was slowly sinking to its setting calmly until the lengthening shadows of the sun sent his spirit beyond the shore, but—

When the gorgeous sun illumined the eastern skies,  
He passed through glory's morning gate,  
And walked in Paradise.

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-track which had darkly besieged his day.



Mr. President, these are not idle ceremonies. Good men live not in vain. We do well to arouse the aspiration of the rising generation by telling of those who served the people faithfully and well, by telling the simple and beautiful story of a life well spent, trials and difficulties overcome, the days and nights of toil and struggle, and at last the victory won, the Christian life, the living faith, the hope of better life in the great beyond.

A great, good man has gone forever. His memory will be enshrined in our hearts and bring encouragement to all who aspire to leadership, who love their country and would serve their fellow citizens.

Let us indulge the hope that when our friend crossed the dark river he awoke rejoicing to rest "in that home of the soul" which "I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes between that fair city and me."

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath.



ADDRESS OF MR. CARTER, OF MONTANA

MR. PRESIDENT: During this session of Congress the Senate has been called upon to suspend its ordinary legislative work to an unusual extent to pay tributes of respect to the memory of deceased Senators. The hand of death has fallen heavily upon the Senate during the Sixty-first Congress.

This day is devoted to the memory of two former Members, who were very near and very dear to their colleagues—Senator CLAY, of Georgia, and Senator DOLLIVER, of Iowa. Words of commendation spoken for one might well be applied to both of these distinguished men.

My committee relations were such as to bring me into intimate association with Senator CLAY, and I embrace the sad privilege of bearing witness to his blameless life, his splendid ability, and his tireless devotion to duty. For more than 10 years we served together on the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and for 5 years of that time we were associated as members of a joint committee of the two Houses charged with the investigation of alleged abuses of the second-class mail privilege and the proposed reorganization of the Post Office Department and the postal service. That joint committee consisted of Senators Penrose, CLAY, and Carter on the part of the Senate, and Representatives Overstreet, Gardner (of New Jersey), and Moon (of Tennessee) on the part of the House.

The task assigned was extremely difficult and the labor involved correspondingly great. All Senators witnessed

the close attention and the vigilant watchfulness of Senator CLAY in this Chamber, but it was given to the members of the Post Office Committee and the joint committee of the two Houses to observe the painstaking care and singular devotion of the Senator in dealing with facts, figures, and details of which the public at large have little or no knowledge.

The serious work of our legislative body is performed by its committees, and this is notably true of the United States Senate; and, in turn, the actual work on each committee is performed by a minority of its members, the majority dealing, as a rule, only with the general principles involved. In the last analysis it falls to the lot of one, two, or three members of a committee to take special charge of important measures, to master the details, approve the phraseology, and determine the constitutionality of the measure before reporting it to the full committee and ultimately to the Senate.

ALEXANDER S. CLAY was one of those possessed of both the ability and the inclination to perform this onerous kind of service. Although tenacious of his own opinions, he was always open-minded and tolerant in his consideration of the views of others. Always firm but never dogmatic, he was both helpful and accommodating. Although adhering to his own views with sufficient strength to test the policy, the logic, and the wisdom of the counter proposition, he was always prepared to accept the true and correct view when that view was clearly developed.

Two large volumes stand as monuments to the labor of the joint committee on postal rates and postal reorganization, and to the memory of our deceased colleague must be placed a full measure of the credit for all the committee did in preparing the way for a more enlightened and efficient organization for the greatest

business department connected with any government in the world.

Senator CLAY died a victim to what may well be termed a mistaken sense of duty. It was apparent to his colleagues in the Chamber that he had overtaxed his strength and was jeopardizing his life by refusal to leave the post of duty for needed rest. Time and again I urged him to withdraw from this field of exacting labor, to repair to some place where he could secure needed rest and exemption from the burdensome duties of his great office. He realized the peril, but in tones of touching resignation he said, "I know that I should not be here, but I can not leave my post."

I have no doubt that he would be alive to-day had he not continued in the Senate throughout the last session of Congress. When the vacation came with the adjournment his overtaxed constitution had become so weakened that recovery was impossible.

He repaired to his home in the State he loved and served so well, and after lingering for a time, surrendered his hovering powers of life to the final impulse.

Like the majority of Members of this body, Senator CLAY was a product of the farm. From obscurity and poverty he reached great distinction and high official recognition at the hands of his countrymen. In his death the State of Georgia suffered a great loss and the Nation at large was by that sad event deprived of the services of a pure, high-minded, and efficient public servant.

To those near and dear to our departed colleague we can give little in the way of consolation, nor is it necessary to attempt to console by mere words of mouth, for by an honorable career and through duty well and faithfully performed in every relation of life, ALEXANDER S. CLAY left to his countrymen and to his family not only consolation, but cause for rejoicing.

### ADDRESS OF MR. BAILEY, OF TEXAS

MR. PRESIDENT: In my time I have known and loved many true and noble men, but I never knew and I never loved a truer or a nobler man than the late Senator CLAY. He was one of those perfect characters that grow on us day after day and shame us for our own imperfections.

It was my privilege, sir, during the last years of his service here to sit by his side, and I came to know him almost as a brother. I saw the workings of his mind and I saw him always striving and eager to know and to do the right. During all of my intimate association with him I can say of him what I would deem a sufficient epitaph for my most partial friend to write of me when I am gone, and that is, he never acted and he never spoke an unworthy deed or thought.

He was not great in the sense in which some men use that word, but he was great according to the best sense in which it can be used, because true greatness in this world consists in always being right, and not one amongst us here erred so seldom as did that splendid man.

When I was younger I thought men were only great when God had given them such power of speech that they could move the multitude to tears and shouts, but, sir, I have lived long enough to change my mind. So often have I seen men gifted with great eloquence speak as if they were inspired, and ere the echo of their voices had died away, and while the music of their voices was still enthralling the audience, I have seen them cast some very foolish vote.

And so I have concluded that the really great man in this world is not the one who stirs our souls to their profoundest depths, but he is the one who teaches us to do what is right; and such a man was Senator CLAY. Responsive always, here and everywhere, to calls for sympathy, he was responsive more to justice. He understood the distinction, which all public men should cherish, between the privilege of a man to do benevolence and the duty of a Senator to do justice. His hand was "open as day to melting charity" with what belonged to him, but when he came to appropriations from the Public Treasury he set his face like flint against the waste of the people's money.

No man of any generation better deserved the tribute which Blaine paid to the southern statesmen of the time before the war, when he said that they were liberal and even lavish with the money which was their own, but they regarded the public money as a trust fund and spent it only for the Government's necessities.

He was a plain man, too, in the sense that every honest man beneath the flag of this Republic could approach him and petition him for justice. No formalities, even in this high station, ever removed him from the people whose commission he bore, and I have seen the pages bring him cards when he was engrossed with some question before the Senate, but whenever there was the name of a Georgian written on it he always answered it in person. Promptly and cheerfully, no matter how much he was occupied, he answered the call of every man or woman who came to the Capitol of this Republic from the State which had honored him with a seat in this great assembly.

He was a demagogue, sir, in the older and better sense of that word, which implied that he was a leader of the people against class and privilege; but he was anything

but a demagogue in the modern sense, which means that a man follows rather than leads the people.

He believed as earnestly as man ever believed before him, and as man will ever believe after him, in the intelligence and in the patriotism of the American people, and he never feared to trust their sober judgment for his vindication when he believed that he was right. If he had one shortcoming as a public man it was his intense anxiety always to be right. I have seen him worry even when his fatal illness was on him, and one day I said to him, "My friend, you are killing yourself not only with work—I doubt if that ever killed any man—but you are killing yourself with work and worry." "Well," he said—and he said it with the simplicity of a child—"I am always afraid that upon these great questions I may give a vote that in the years to come will work an infinite injury to my people and to my country."

Mr. President, it was difficult to chide a sublime consecration to the public service like that, and I could make no answer to him. He not only professed this fear of being wrong, but he lived it, and I saw him work until he fell a sacrifice, as the Senator from Montana has so well said, to his all-controlling sense of duty. Perhaps, after all, that is the most glorious death that can come to men. The soldier on the field of battle, meeting his death in a furious charge, deserves no credit, for, stimulated by the strains of martial music and under that strange spell woven around them by the cannon's roar, men feel no danger and fear no death. But here in civil life, with nothing to stir his blood or move his passions, he is brave beyond all description who unflinchingly looks death in the face and refuses to flee its presence.



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ADDRESS OF MR. BAILEY, OF TEXAS

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Mr. President, many have fallen from these high seats into an honored grave; many have left behind them friends to mourn and fame to live; but amongst all who have gone before us not one went to a more certain reward than ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, for if he had one faith sublimer than his confidence in his countrymen it was his faith in God. He did not proclaim, as so many men of less sterling virtues have done, his belief in a state to come. He did not stand upon the corners, as the publicans of old, inviting those who pass to applaud his righteousness. But, sir, he died believing in God and in the Scriptures, and, like all others who have so died, he shall live again.

Mr. BACON. I desire to state that my colleague [Mr. Terrell] was to have taken part in these exercises to pay a tribute to the memory of the late Senator CLAY, but he is necessarily deprived of that opportunity by his personal illness, which has detained him from the Chamber.

Mr. YOUNG. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. CLAY and Mr. Dolliver, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 6 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 20, 1911, at 11 o'clock a. m.





PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *December 5, 1910.*

Mr. BARTLETT of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Georgia offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Georgia.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

JANUARY 21, 1911.

Mr. LEE arose.

The SPEAKER. For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

Mr. LEE. To ask unanimous consent to present an order.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, the gentleman will present for the consideration of the House the following order, which the Clerk will read.

There was no objection.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Ordered*, That there be a session of the House at 12 o'clock noon Sunday, February 19, 1911, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

The question was taken, and the order was agreed to.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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FEBRUARY 19, 1911.

The SPEAKER. The House will be in order. The Chaplain will offer prayer.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Conden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for that moral sense down deep in the hearts of men which inspires admiration and praise for those who have rendered faithful and efficient service for the public weal and promises the final triumph of good over evil. We are here to leave on the pages of history the record of two such men. It is well, since the work of the faithful points the way for those who shall come after them, and we bless Thee that the human heart refuses to believe "that the soul which breathes through the intellect wisdom, through the will virtue, through the affections love," passes with the death of the body "into nothingness and darkness forever."

Grant that those who were bound to the departed by the ties of kinship and love may cherish their memory and look forward with imperishable hope to an immortal realm where they shall dwell with them forever. And Thine be the praise through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER. Under the order the Chair in execution of the same will recognize the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Livingston].

Mr. LIVINGSTON. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Georgia offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. ALEXANDER S. CLAY, late a Member of the Senate from the State of Georgia.

*Resolved*, That the next adjournment shall be considered a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Livingston] will take the chair.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### ADDRESS OF MR. HARDWICK, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Georgia, was one of the State's most universally respected and best loved sons.

I do not believe I overstate the facts when I say I know of no Georgian, alive or dead, at this or any period of the history of the State, who was more universally loved in life or more deeply mourned in death.

The people of Georgia loved Senator CLAY because he loved them. They were true to him because he was always true to them. They "delighted to do him honor" because they knew that in doing so they honored themselves.

There were many men in public life who at times made a more brilliant showing than our late Senator; there were others who seemed better fashioned "the applause of listening senates to command," who dazzled the imagination and filled the public eye to a greater extent than he, but in capacity for hard, useful, fruitful work, for constant, continuous, and unremitting toil, in devotion to duty and fidelity to the interests of the masses of the American people no public man of his time was his superior, few his equal.

Senator CLAY had, magnificently developed, at least three striking attributes of character without which no

man can be reckoned either really great or truly good; without which the words of the most brilliant and accomplished orator are "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing;" without which there can be no solidity or permanence of achievement in any walk of life, public or private.

First. Our late friend was as modest and unassuming as a gentle and refined woman. He had none of the pomp and pride of place and station about him. He was one of the most natural and the least egotistical gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to know. He had absolutely no false pride either of opinion or of authorship, and was always ready to accept the proposition of another whenever that proposition seemed wiser and better than his own. Any legislator who broadens out this much and reaches this stage of mental development has become possessed of at least one of the real elements of intrinsic greatness and usefulness in legislative service.

Second. Senator CLAY had the most practical, if not the only, form of real genius—capacity for hard work and the willingness to do it.

Third. He had a great, unselfish, human heart in his breast; a heart full of deep sympathy for the troubles of others and keenly responsive to the wail of human suffering whenever and wherever heard and however weak its whisper; a heart full of charity, even toward those "who despitely used him," and overflowing with love and good will to all men.

Coupled with these admirable qualities of heart, he possessed hardly less admirable qualities of head. While he never posed and never sought to make a show, he was a man of splendid poise, of excellent common sense, and of solid attainments. He was a hard student, particularly in the latter years of his life, when I knew him best and was most intimately associated with him, and he had

an extensive range of that most useful knowledge that is not learned from books or taught in the schools, but comes from actual knowledge of men and practical acquaintance with affairs. No man's education is complete without this post-graduate degree from the great university of life that had conferred its highest degree on our late Senator. Withal, he was a careful thinker, a close and accurate reasoner, and possessed of at least one other striking hall-mark of greatness—he was not only personally and politically honest, but he was also intellectually honest to the core.

From poverty and through adversity he came, working his way upward in genial, friendly, and admirable fashion. Living and working in the clear light and bright sunshine of the Almighty, both his heart and life were filled with that light and sunshine. Fidelity to duty, both in public life and private station, was the watchword of his career. As son, as husband, as father, and as friend he was incomparable and unimpeachable.

Mr. Speaker, this man's simple, honest, up-hill life; his steady and unbroken ascent to high place; his absolute fidelity to the interests of the people who knew him, loved him, and trusted him; his remarkable capacity for making and holding friends; his capacity for hard work and his willingness to do it; his long, honorable, and useful career both in Georgia and in the Senate of the United States; his untimely death, hastened without doubt by his firm refusal to leave his post of duty at the last session of this Congress to recuperate his failing health; his bier, covered with the beautiful flowers that attested the love of a great people, and wet with the tears that were eloquent of their grief, all make up a lesson I can never forget—a lesson that every American youth ought to learn—a lesson of high purpose and consecrated devotion to duty. As I pass in swift mental review over the life

and career of my dear, dead friend, I see him a struggling youth, of poor but honest parentage; born with no silver spoon in his mouth, but with a God-given determination in his heart to make something of himself and to be of service to his fellows; I can see him struggling through as much schooling and as careful preparation for the practice of law as his scanty self-earned means would permit; I can see him as a struggling young lawyer facing his older and more experienced brethren at the bar with that innate modesty and diffidence that was ever one of his chiefest charms, but with final and deserved success.

I can see him when he first came to our legislature, at an early age, as the representative of his dearly loved county of Cobb; I can see his influence and power as a member of the legislature broadening and growing as his genial, open nature won him friends and as his strong and trustworthy character grew upon his associates and the public. I can see him soon elevated to the speakership of the house of representatives of our general assembly. I see him soon transferred, by the vote of his own loving people, who never denied him aught or gave him grudgingly, from the lower to the upper house, there to retain his preeminence as president of the senate. I next see him State chairman of the Democratic Party of Georgia, leading its hosts with gallantry, dash, and splendid success in the only real party contest the State has known since the days of reconstruction. I can see him reaping at an early age the highest political reward his State and party could bestow, when in 1896 he became United States Senator from Georgia. I can see him as he stands before the legislature that has honored him, the cynosure of every eye, honored and beloved of the people; and I can hear his voice ring out in modest protest that he doubts his ability to worthily wear the high honor his friends have given him, but in earnest promise to



dedicate himself to duty and to unremitting toil for the people—a diffidence that the event has shown to be entirely unfounded, and yet one that did credit to his heart and character, and a promise that he religiously kept through all the remainder of his days.

I see him, a Senator of the United States, wearing worthily the honor and maintaining without effort the dignity of his office, and yet remaining plain, honest, unaffected, modest, genial “STEVE” CLAY to his friends always; I see him unspoiled by place and as attentive to the wishes of his humblest constituent as to those of his mightiest; I see him winning the love of the entire Senate and of all the Members of this body who had the good fortune to come in contact with his open, genial, friendly, modest nature; I see him winning and retaining the respect and high opinion of the Senate and the country by his industry and his honesty, his fidelity to duty and his sterling common sense, by his earnestness and sincerity, and by his lack of all cant and pose.

I can see him during the very last span of his life in Georgia, standing manfully and openly by his conception of the State’s honor and interest, without regard to or fear of any possible consequences to himself. I can see him, in this last political battle of his career, as broken in health but unbroken in spirit, he unfurled his battle flag to Georgia’s breezes and disdained to trim his sails to catch what seemed to be the passing breeze; I can see him when he was bright and clear of eye, robust in health, and exuberant in spirits; and I can see him when the fateful hand of disease and suffering was laid heavily upon him.

I can see him as he stood in the historic Chamber of the mightiest legislative body on earth, battling with all the courage of an olden knight for the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and I can see him at his fireside, the



center of a devoted family circle, the pride of aged parents, the strong staff upon which leaned a loving and devoted wife, the idol and companion of his children; I can see him when he was the very embodiment of life, an intensely human, an altogether lovable figure, a man with a host of devoted friends, with strong beliefs, with earnest convictions, with unfaltering purpose, with unimpeachable honesty; and I can see him as he lay cold in death in his beloved Marietta home, surrounded by his loved ones, mourned by his friends, lamented by a great State and country, with his earthly work done, and well done—an honest man gone home to meet his God and to receive his reward.

His like we will not soon see again. Peace to his ashes, honor to his memory. Fortunate, indeed, will each of us be, if, when the final summons comes, the friend who says the last words over our remains may be able to truthfully pronounce the eulogy I now pronounce over my dear friend—those who knew him best loved him most.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURGESS, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: Georgia has furnished many brilliant and able men to the service of the Republic, but in my judgment she has furnished no better man than he to whose memory we now pay respect.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY did not serve in the House, and only those Members who came in contact with him knew the real worth of the man. I lived for some years at the same hotel with him and knew him intimately, and I respected him and loved him as perhaps I respect and love no other citizen except in my own State.

I found him a faithful friend, a man whom anybody could meet on equal terms, a man without guile, a man without blemish, a man in the very best sense of the term. As the speaker who has just preceded me has said, if he had one distinguishing characteristic that made him stand out above his fellow men, it was his loyalty not only to his friends but to every consideration that was impelled by conscience.

Loyalty to friends is a great and rare trait, but loyalty to conscience rises above even loyalty to friends. He was a man in whose bosom lurked not the shadow of a lie. He knew nothing but the truth, and he worshiped it all his days. Knowing him and loving him as I did, it is not surprising to me that he was universally loved in his own State. It could not be otherwise, because to be thrown in contact with him was to love him; to know him was to realize his worth.

He has gone, and happy will be the man of whom, when he comes to go, it can be said, as it is truthfully

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ADDRESS OF MR. BURGESS, OF TEXAS

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said of CLAY, he fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness in a better world.

CLAY believed profoundly in God, and I am not ashamed to proclaim in this presence my faith in God. Looking out through the misty future, I hope to see the day when I shall meet again with this friend who has departed to a better world than this.

After all, life is but a breath. After all, life is but a moment, and we are gone. Happy is the man of whom it may be said that when his

Summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

He has gone. We call it death. Ah, Mr. Speaker, there is no death. Beyond this life he lives, and his life and the life of all such is a pledge of a future life for all men.

ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with Senator CLAY commenced when I entered Congress in 1900. Our rooms at the hotel adjoined each other, and our daily intercourse was most intimate and continued so to the day of his death. In these cordial relations of friendship between us I discovered that the love of truth and simple and plain honesty and justice in all the affairs of life predominated in his character. The reputation of no public man that I have ever met was built more certainly and firmly on these ennobling features of his life—truth, honesty, and love of justice—than that of ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY. He was not what the world called a brilliant genius, a great and electrifying orator. Nor did he ever essay to fill such a rôle, but he was eminently an American statesman, possessed of an unerring judgment, a fidelity to duty, and a practical knowledge that made him an invaluable public servant. Senator CLAY was a grateful man. He loved the kindnesses and courtesies that his friends so lavishly extended to him. But, Mr. Chairman, as much as anyone I ever met he esteemed, loved, and cherished the honors that the people of Georgia had conferred upon him, and for them, and with that splendid spirit, he labored in and out of season with a persistence and fidelity in the pursuit of their interests that made him one of the most successful Members of the United States Senate. In his vocabulary duty was the great headlight of his life. As he saw his duty, thus he performed it boldly, conscientiously, and with a courtesy and kindness

that endeared him to those who might differ with him. In his composition there was a marked absence of the petty envies and jealousies that so often blur and mark the intercourse of public men. Senator CLAY loved his fellow man. It was a joy to his heart not only to see but to help his fellow man advance in the honors of life and in the acquisition of blessings that men struggle for. He was a tender and kind-hearted man.

To others of his own State of Georgia it is more appropriate than for me to note and refer to the various positions of trust and honor that the people of Georgia so generously, over a span of years, conferred on him. I only can speak of Senator CLAY as I knew him as a Senator. Senator CLAY's life, his success, is a wonderful tribute to the spirit and glory of our republican institutions. From the humble walks of life he came, but its natural obstacles, its serious hindrances and discouragements, could not deter or divert his invincible spirit. The goal of life was before him; the institutions of his country opened the avenues to him and every man for a fair struggle for success. Success—liberal success—was the reward of his life in all his efforts. He died at an early age, but the record of what he accomplished is the highest and best testimony of his useful life, and is justly the heritage of the great people of Georgia, who feelingly mourn his untimely death.

Mr. Speaker, sometimes it is unjustly said that the lives of public men are so engrossed in their public duties that the sacred ties of home with its endearments are more or less benumbed, and that the music of home is not so sweet as it once was. It was not so of Senator CLAY. In my intimacy with him during the frequent private conversations I have had with him when his wife and children were absent, I recall now with what tender pathos he would speak of his home—the true happiness that dwelt

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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there. He would pass in affectionate review each member of his loved family circle and would always close the conversation: "I am so anxious to go home." Mr. Chairman, it has been said that a happy, contented home is a simple prototype of the mansion that God has prepared for those He loves. Senator CLAY was a pure and guileless man—a great man in its true American acceptance—and his life, his example, his works are worthy of earnest imitation.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA

MR. SPEAKER: It is most appropriate that this day be set aside for the strewing of flowers and garlands to the memory of the late Senator ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, of Georgia.

Although he is no longer with us, the memory of his life, the spirit of integrity and devotion which dominated his actions, comes to us to-day, a testimonial to the true worth of the man. This is an appropriate time, indeed, for those who knew him best to pay tribute to the sterling character of the man, his high purpose and noble ideals.

To those who knew him best and shared the closest intimacies of his friendship Senator CLAY was the lovable man. He was the man who loved best to have his friends about him and enjoy the sweet intercourse of friendship. Possessed as he was of a rare kindliness of heart and a broad humanity, his view of life was always charitable and optimistic. This quality of benevolence of heart endeared him to all who knew him. The friendships he made were enduring.

His loyalty and devotion to his friends under any and all circumstances was a marked characteristic of the man. Having sprung from the people, realizing in his early experiences struggles of life, he loved them and they in turn loved him. Coming from the people, he understood their wants and he strongly reflected in his



public career the feeling, sentiment, and thought of his State on public questions. In a true sense he was their representative. He enjoyed a merited popularity, and the cause of it was found in the fact that his people thoroughly believed in him and had the utmost confidence in his honesty, integrity, and sincerity.

In all of Senator CLAY's public utterances there rings the clear, true note of high purpose and lofty ideals. He was ever the defender of the people, following his sense of duty as it appeared to him. He denounced wrongdoing and upheld right conduct in public affairs and legislation with an ability, an ardor, and fervency of spirit worthy any patriot or statesman. While he was not slow to denounce with clarion voice evil as he saw it, his eloquence was never wanting to defend the right, to uphold the good.

This clear-headed, right-minded, and ardent statesman of the South, this advocate of the people, uttered no false note. There was no hesitancy as to the course he was to pursue. Having a clear vision and high purpose, he was swift to decide on his course of action. While a partisan in politics, in thought and in purpose he was an independent. His devotion to party never dimmed his vision for the highest public service. His independence of thought continually asserted itself and made its impress upon public legislation.

During his distinguished services in the United States Senate, dating from 1896, up to the time of his death, great economic problems confronted the Nation. With these questions he was brought face to face. It was a period in which much of national legislation was directed toward the problems of transportation, commerce, and industries.

It was a period in which there was a marked diversity of opinion as to the proper methods of dealing with these



important questions. Senator CLAY brought to the discussion of these problems a high sense of duty and an earnest and patriotic desire to accomplish the right.

It was in this connection that his independence of thought and action was of special value in the securing of legislation of an important nature. In the final analysis it will be found, I venture to say, that this southern statesman has contributed his share toward the enactment of legislation of a beneficial character.

He was an indefatigable worker. Here, again, we find his sense of duty asserting itself in long hours of toil and constant attention to public duties. Time and time again friends advised him to take needed rest, which he refused to do, so devoted was he to his constituency and Nation. Here was a man loyal to his trust.

Having been born and raised in the South, he believed in the South and her future. Although he grew up amid the traditions as well as the sad ruins of the Old South, yet in a true sense he belonged to the New South, with all of her hopes and aspirations. He typified to a remarkable degree that aspiration, self-assertion, and restless energy which is now taking possession of her people and which will eventually make of this section a new land.

Senator CLAY was democratic in the true sense of the word. He was ever close to his people and they confided in him. It can be truly said that he knew of no allegiance save his allegiance to duty. In him the people found a tried, trusted servant, who would betray no confidence and would not be turned from the straight path of duty. His State and Nation lost a valuable servant, his people a friend.

His loss is, indeed, a personal one. It was my privilege to know him intimately, and I came to appreciate and to hold in high esteem his friendship. The hours spent with

him will be treasured for the kind memories they bring. His geniality, his high and lofty spirit, his unswerving devotion to duty, his rectitude of purpose, will ever be a source of inspiration.

In all my acquaintance the truth of the maxim that an honest man is the noblest work of God was never more fully exemplified than in the life and character of Senator CLAY.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRANTLEY, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY was not an ordinary man. He had all the qualities of mind and heart and body that go to make a leader among men. In the hush following upon the startling announcement of his death last November it was only too sadly realized that a great man among us had fallen, and in the hearts of his people there was erected that day "the broken column," emblematic and commemorative of the towering figure that had passed out of their lives, but whose memory would always remain.

No man can carve his way from obscure privation to a seat in the Senate of the United States and hold it against all comers for two succeeding terms unless there is in him something more of determination, of character, and of power than is given to the average man. Not only did Senator CLAY do this, but the end of his brilliant career to State and Nation was not in sight when a Divine Providence commanded that he lay aside all earthly labors and honors and enter upon his eternal rest. We of the House have set apart this day upon which to pay some fitting tribute to his excellent worth and to voice the esteem and affection in which we held him and the sorrow that is ours over his passing away. It is difficult for those of us who knew him and loved him in Georgia, as well as here, to properly and fully express the greatness of the loss we feel. Its magnitude, personally, socially, politically, and in every other

way is too overwhelming to find expression in any words that are at our command. I look back upon the years since I first knew him—and more than half the life that I have lived is unrolled before me—and his entire public career comes back into view. I see him a new member of the Georgia House of Representatives from the county of Cobb, and hear again the clear ringing notes of his clarion voice as he made his first speech. I see him, successively, speaker of that body, dignified, courteous, and prompt; president of the Georgia Senate, gracing that station; chairman of the State Democratic executive committee, meeting all the requirements of that position; and a United States Senator from Georgia, living up to the best traditions of that august body. I knew him in all these relations, and now, with the light of his life extinguished and naught remaining of him save his imperishable record and undying memory, I can truly say of him that from the day of his entrance into public life until the hour when he forever laid down its burdens he was the true servant of the people. In my service here and at home I have known no man in the public service who more than he unreservedly consecrated his time, his thoughts, and his talents to the duties of his official station.

He bore in part a name illustrious in Georgia, and bore it so well that new luster and fame has been given to that name.

In Statuary Hall in this Capitol there has been erected no statue in honor of the great State of Georgia, but some day one of the figures that will there appear will be that of Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia's great commoner. This Hall has rung with his eloquence, and his impress is here, and in the archives of this Government, as it is in Georgia and the South. His illustrious name was borne by Senator CLAY.

What influence, if any, this name had upon the shaping of his life it is not for me to speculate upon, but this I know, that, like the great commoner, Alexander H. Stephens, the heart of ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY was ever with the toiling, struggling masses, and his hand was ever extended for their uplifting.

His life's record has been made up. There is naught we can add to it or take from it. That record, as it is written, shows that Senator CLAY ever and always stood erect, free, and unshackled to voice the sentiments, the hopes, and aspirations of the great body of the people, who looked to him with unfailing trust as their spokesman and leader. Neither wealth, nor power, nor influence could swerve him from the straight path of duty, nor did he ever stoop to mislead or deceive.

Cruel and wicked assaults upon the purity of his motives and the honesty of his purposes are perils to which every public man is exposed. Such perils are minimized and discounted by such a life as Senator CLAY gave to the world. His upright character, his lofty integrity, and his unflinching and unfaltering devotion to duty make the answer to those who for pecuniary or selfish ends would undermine and destroy the confidence of the people in the men selected to serve them. Senator CLAY accepted public office as a public trust. Duty was his watchword, and I speak within the confines of a well-considered opinion when I say that his devotion to duty, as he understood and conceived it, hastened the coming of his untimely end.

When stricken with failing health and sore disease, friends urged upon him that he forget for the time being the cares and responsibilities of his office and, with a mind centered only upon regaining health and strength, seek some quiet and obscure retreat and try to woo back his failing powers. These appeals he turned aside, waiting

an opportunity when duty did not conflict with health. It may be that he did not realize the seriousness of his condition, or how close a neighbor the black angel of death had become; or it may be that he knew these things and yet dared remain at the post of duty. Be this as it may, he tarried at the post too long, and paid the penalty. He died a martyr to duty.

The allotted life of man was denied him, and at the age of 57, when he should have been in the full vigor of a strong manhood, he was cut down. We stand aghast at the tragedy of life and death, as thus revealed, and we moralize upon the vanity and futility of human life, as we know it, but in the life of Senator CLAY the lesson comes home to us that such a life is worth the living. It was a clean life—clean and pure and honest. It was a life inspired by high ideals and sustained by an unfaltering faith in the love and wisdom of a Divine Creator. Such a life illumines the pathway for struggling humanity, and for those who are weaker, points the goal of success in life and in death that can be reached with a little more courage and a little more effort and purpose. When all has been said and done, it still remains that the most any man can do is to do his duty as God gives him the power to see it, and so it can be said of Senator CLAY, that he did the most that any man could do.

He brought into his public life the same sincere, open, and candid habits of thought and speech and act that ever characterized him in private life. His life in public and private was an open book, to be read by all men. There was in him nothing of subterfuge or deceit or strategy. What he was he was, and what he thought he said. All men did not at all times agree with all he thought, but none questioned his sincerity, and all admired his candor, even as they did the courage of



conviction that was his. It is no small feat for a man to live in the white light of publicity for more than a quarter of a century and have no stain or blot upon his name ever discovered or suspected. This was the feat of him whose memory we to-day honor, and in honoring which we honor ourselves.

Senator CLAY won a high place in the councils of the Nation. His opinions were respected, his advice was always heard and oftentimes heeded. He more than maintained himself in what is popularly called the greatest legislative body on earth. His standing there was secure, and his influence felt. His colleagues in the body where he served, as in this, admired, respected, trusted, and loved him. What more can be said of any man's service? But marked as was Senator CLAY's success here, his greatest success was in winning and holding throughout the years the confidence and love of the people who so signally honored him. With them his death was a great personal bereavement. Senator CLAY has passed into the great beyond which passing is lamented beyond expression, but it is "STEVE" CLAY, the man, whom his people miss and mourn. They loved him, not because he was a Senator, but because he was a true and trusted friend, a loyal and unselfish neighbor, a gentle but courageous man. It was because they loved him that they made him a Senator. I voice their sentiments when I say that in his death Georgia mourns the loss of one of her great sons, great because he was a manly man, great because on merit alone he won and held high place and in it always did his duty, great because he loved his God, his country, and his fellow man. He came, he was, and now he is no more. We rejoice that he came and that we knew him; we mourn because in this life we shall know him no more, nor soon upon his like look again.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. ADAMSON, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: The death of Senator CLAY was a sad blow to his friends and a great loss to his country. His lingering illness filled us with apprehension and prepared our minds in some measure to expect the announcement of the end, but our estimate of his worth was by no means decreased thereby, nor our sorrow diminished. He bore his long illness with a faith and fortitude surpassing heroism and nowhere equaled outside of the life trials and triumphs of a Christian. Physical courage may animate and sustain the hero to rush upon the enemy and brave danger in the shock of battle, scorning carnage and death raging round, in reality being stimulated thereby to greater and loftier daring. Far different is the case of the sufferer lingering for years under the ravages of wasting disease, knowing he can never recover, but conscious that his end is near. With full knowledge he looks the monster in the face and defies him to do his worst, realizing that duty well done, with obedience and faith in Him who triumphed over death for us all, will set at naught the dread power of the fell reaper. Senator CLAY knew for two years that his health was irrevocably gone and that his days were numbered, yet he continued cheerful and genial. Though his friends importuned him to suspend work and prolong his life by rest and treatment, he steadfastly refused and continued to work. He said that his constituents had honored and trusted him, and he must continue to serve them as long as his strength permitted; that if death must needs come it should find him at his



post of duty, and nothing else should remove him therefrom. He literally worked for his people, even down to the hour and article of his death.

Senator CLAY's sickness and death presented a nobler spectacle even than that prophesied by the sublime poet, who saw—

“The last of human mold  
That shall Creation's death behold.”  
“Amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds”  
The Spectacular last “lone one stood  
With dauntless words and high,”  
And bade the dying sun, fading  
Into universal destruction and gloom,  
“Go tell the night that hides thy face  
Thou sawest the last of Adam's race  
On earth's sepulchral clod  
The dying universe defy to quench his immortality  
Or shake his trust in God.”

How different the case of Senator CLAY. Racked with pain, prostrated by an incurable affliction, communing only with himself and his God, unstimulated by spectacular phenomena or sublime and terrific events, he, patient and uncomplaining, conducted his private domestic affairs, directed his official business, responded to the demands of his constituents, all the while surely, rapidly, and consciously approaching his dissolution, yet, relying on his Maker and his Savior, he answered his summons without a tremor or a fear, and calmly laid his feeble, wasted body down to rest, while his spirit, freed from pain and care, soared to realms on high to receive the glorious reward of the brave and the faithful.

I knew Senator CLAY longer and better than did any other Representative or Senator. Our friendship, genuine and uninterrupted for more than 33 years, did not depend upon any accident of fortune, nor was it ever

affected by any exigency of politics. Usually we agreed, but when we occasionally differed he manifested his accurate understanding of the American principle of political liberty by entertaining his own opinion without protest, anger, or attempted proscription if his comrades should act upon their own judgments. That is a rare quality, professed much oftener than it is practiced. Senator CLAY fully exemplified the doctrine in practice. If, like him, we could all realize and show forth the doctrine that liberty of opinion means that we can all think as we please though we differ in conclusion and action, conditions and feelings would be much improved. A man who asserts his own liberty of opinion, with the reservation or assertion that his neighbor must agree or be proscribed, denies his own freedom and impeaches his own manhood rather than that of his neighbor. If one is free, all are free, and all may think and all may differ, yet all be true American patriots striving for the same end—true principles and good citizenship.

I first met ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY at Douglas superior court in 1877, soon after we had both been admitted to the bar. We were both young, hopeful, and poor. "Fellow feeling made us wondrous kind." We had no idea of ever going to Congress. We did believe, however, that we could make as good lawyers as some of those we saw making a living at the practice, and we tried our best. Conditions were such that we could not avoid participating in politics, but not to an extent that interfered with our practice of law, though he did in turn become a member of both branches of the legislature and presided over both with great credit, afterwards serving as chairman of the Democratic State committee. Twenty years after our admission to the bar we both came to Congress, he to the Senate and I to the House. Our friendship of 20 years was not termi-

nated thereby, but became more intimate and intense. He was, in the full sense of the word, a working Senator. He made few long speeches, but many long friendships. He so ingratiated himself into the favor of his associate Senators that he could accomplish as much of a personal, local, or nonpartisan nature as any other Senator, if not more. He was always ready to work and would respond with alacrity to any call of duty, night or day. He loved his friends, and very few acquaintances were not his friends. If I had no other evidence of his goodness here and his acceptance on high than his love for his fellow man, I would feel warranted in believing that his disembodied spirit passed from suffering and love of his fellow mortals below to the glory and comradeship of the blessed above. We are taught that our love for the brethren is sufficient evidence that we have passed from death unto life.

If a man saith I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward.

Senator CLAY did more than give a cup of cold water to the thirsty little one. He gave overflowing cups of joy to all who knew him. "Verily he went about doing good."

As an American statesman he left an enviable record. True to his oath and to the people, he would have been true to the people without the oath. He never sanctioned oppression, nor did he ever consent to "grind the face of the poor" by speech or vote. He never helped to en throne might or enrich class to the oppression of the weak or the robbery of the masses. He never aided in enacting

class legislation to enable a few to exploit the many nor to establish unequal laws permitting men to grow rich by compelling their neighbors to pay extortionate prices. He lived and loved the doctrine that opportunity should be left as free and equal as natural conditions would permit and that legislation should never increase inequality for the benefit of special interests to the detriment and impoverishment of the general public. His record was true to the Constitution, the welfare of the people, and the cause of righteousness. I offer this simple tribute to the memory of a model husband, provident father, affectionate, dutiful son, good friend, true patriot, able statesman, and Christian gentleman, not in the spirit and vernacular of laudation, but in the language and fervor of true friendship, prompted by a heart that loved and honored him in life and now after his death proudly commends his life and record to the youth of the land as furnishing an object lesson for study and encouragement and an example worthy of imitation.

ADDRESS OF MR. HUGHES, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: It was my pleasure and joy to have known Senator CLAY from his vigorous young manhood to the close of his illustrious life. This friendship grew and increased with the passing years. He knew I loved him.

This genial gentleman, whose genius won for him a place among the foremost statesmen of his day, came from that sturdy stock of southern yeomanry who defy all obstacles in the pursuit of laudable ambition. The father and mother of this kind, noble, and lovable son still live to revere his memory and to look back over his life, which has been a beacon light in every hour of their lives. His father was a small farmer, accustomed to the ax, plow, and hoe. Together with his wife, who was as gentle as industrious, he faced the stern realities of farm life throughout the darkest days of Georgia's rehabilitation, when want, devastation, and sorrow hovered over the Southland, so impending that hope was deferred and despair caused many a weary soul to yield to the seemingly inevitable and sink into an untimely grave. Not so with the elder Clay. He met every storm in the vicissitudes of life with rigid determination, never despairing, determined to conquer for wife, children, and country. The mother was, indeed, his helpmeet, for it was she who radiated light through every cloud, brightening the rugged pathway of their lives as they moved onward and upward to comparative independence and comfort in a modest country home.

Such were the father and mother of "STEVE" CLAY, who rose to illumine the life of his parents and honor his country with his goodness and greatness.

Senator CLAY was born and reared on a farm, receiving his early education in the country schools and between the plow handles. He was ever willing to labor with his father in building up the home, and as he grew his dream was to lessen every burden of father and mother. As he could be spared from the farm he was sent to the near-by schools, for his parents were determined to lay the foundation upon which he could build a higher education through his own efforts—a wise provision of which he took advantage later in life.

By indefatigable energy and determination Mr. CLAY won in the great battles of life, leaving an object lesson to every determined boy which inspires regardless of poverty and adverse surroundings.

Having performed every kind of farm labor, young CLAY knew the meaning of hard work, economy, and sacrifice. His struggle on the farm implanted in his very soul the fact that diligent labor was the factor which pointed to success in any field which he might enter, and his success in his first work on the farm aroused a desire for greater achievements and broader fields. While still a young man, and just after he had graduated from Hiawasse College, he taught school and studied law during his leisure moments, being admitted to the bar in 1877. His earnestness, his application, his devotion to duty in this profession not only attracted attention but clients, and the young attorney rapidly attained a position of prominence in the State as one of its ablest lawyers. In this profession he won distinction.

He entered politics with the same zeal that characterized his progress and successful attainments on the farm and at the bar. After a short service in the House of



Representatives of Georgia he was elected speaker of that body, stamping himself as a master of parliamentary law; and his adherence to justice in his rulings increased his popularity, the popularity that had made him a great favorite and a leader in Georgia politics. He left the house to accept a term in the State senate, and served with great distinction as its president, displaying his same wonderful knowledge of parliamentary practice and procedure. At this time it was predicted that he would, ere long, occupy the gubernatorial chair, but, instead, he was soon elected to the United States Senate, in which body he was conspicuous; and his service there so endeared him to the people of his native State that he was elected to the second and third terms without opposition. Mr. CLAY's political life was untarnished; he was true to principle and there was no power which could swerve him from it. His life is emblematic of all that is pure and noble, a heritage more precious than gold, which is handed down to the young men of Georgia and of this Union as an example worthy of emulation, as a star of hope to those striving for success, honor, and renown.

Senator CLAY was filled with faith, hope, and charity. He had faith in his God, his country, and his fellow man, and that faith was made more beautiful by hope, which was as bright as the midday sun, dispelling every passing cloud, radiating its glory to his fellow man, leaving inspiration wheresoever the rays might fall. But his greatest trait was charity, which made him good as well as great. It permeated his every purpose in life. He saw the good in mankind, and under his cheering smile and heartfelt encouragement many have overcome great obstacles and conquered despair.

He was firm as Gibraltar in his convictions, which were only reached after careful and painstaking investigation. He was immovable when he felt he was right.



He was broad and readily recognized the rights of others, even though they were opposed to his interest. He was powerful in debate and spoke with the force of a logician—so often destructive to his opponents. He used argument, not coercion. He was as persuasive as he was logical and never left a scar intentionally. His language was never of doubtful construction, but he did not sting with invective in order to place in the Record remarks attractive only for vitriolic effect—so common to many whose leading traits in speaking are bitterness instead of logic tempered with justice, the weapon of a statesman in debate.

He knew, regardless of all the nobility and goodness in man, that still he was not perfect; that it was not given to human beings to be without faults. But he looked upon these faults with a loving and forgiving heart, and it was his wont to minimize them.

There was never a new Member of the House who, when he met Senator CLAY, was not drawn to and attracted by him. He realized that which has not occurred to some Members, that new Representatives deserved consideration and aid instead of indifference when entering upon their new duties. Older Members are prone to forget that their knowledge was largely acquired through the school of experience, and do not lend a helping hand to new Members. But it was not so with Senator CLAY. One of his greatest pleasures was to lend a helping hand, and his kind heart would cause him to go to the rescue of a friend long before his aid was asked.

Such a man, whether born in a mansion or humble cottage, lives great and dies great. Such a man was CLAY.

In his home life "beauty walked hand in hand with duty." He was ever a dutiful son, an indulgent, loving father, a faithful husband.

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ADDRESS OF MR. HUGHES, OF GEORGIA

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I attended the last sad rites paid to this distinguished Georgian at Marietta, Ga., his home, where he was known best and loved most. Here his friends gathered, sharing the grief of his loved ones as he was placed in his last earthly resting place, amid wreaths of flowers. These emblems of purity were tokens of love and the tears in every eye were the response of bleeding hearts.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. BELL, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: It was my privilege and pleasure to have been personally acquainted with the late Senator ALEXANDER S. CLAY, of Georgia. Since my first knowledge of him I was convinced that he possessed many noble virtues and characteristics, and during my acquaintance with him, covering a period of more than 20 years, nothing ever occurred to convince me in any degree that he was not a conscientious, noble, true, and patriotic southern gentleman. He was a man of strong convictions, yet liberal and generous. While cherishing his own convictions, he was broad and well balanced and conceded to every man the right of his own views and decisions, if at all in keeping with any sort of fairness or justice. He was a plain, unpretentious man, but forceful and intelligent. He was generous to a fault, and no needy person, so far as my knowledge of the man goes, ever left his door except believing in his heart that "STEVE" CLAY, as he was affectionately called, was a real friend to his less fortunate brother. He was a lawyer of great ability, was successful as an attorney, as a business man, and as a legislator in his State as well as in the councils of the Nation. His achievements in politics were due to his indomitable energy and perseverance, coupled with his faithfulness to his friends wherever found. I was always glad to have his friendship, because it was not that of an ordinary man, but one of force, power, and devotion. While he never lost sight of the fact that he was a United States Senator and always sustained himself in the estimation of his fellow Senators, he was likewise the active representative of the individual citizen residing within the borders of his own Common-

wealth, and he could always be depended upon to watch and protect the interests of those who appealed to him for aid. He was an intense man. There was that about him which drew to him the regard of men. In the line of his official duty concerning his people, their wants and wishes, he served them with a fidelity as unswerving as Gibraltar's rock. So much might be said of this manly man and of his life, which was so full of kind thoughts and good deeds, but what more need be said when we can safely say of him that he was true to himself, his country, his family, and his God. One of the most beautiful traits in Senator CLAY's life and character was his loving devotion to his wife and children. He always confided in me, and I knew of some of his trials and vicissitudes, and he always spoke so tenderly of the wife of his bosom and of his boys, for whom he was so much concerned. He said to me on more than one occasion that his greatest object in life was to set a good example for his children and leave such footprints on the sands of time that his children might point to him with pride as their father and protector.

It was my privilege to attend the last sad rites of this good citizen and friend, and my heart was touched when the great throng of anxious people filled the large church to overflowing long before the hour of his funeral and to witness the beautiful floral offerings which bore eloquent testimony of the love and esteem in which he was held in his home city. This statesman, husband, father, friend, is gone from us, but his influence remains. The recollection of his goodness and tenderness will always be a light to lead and guide us to a higher and better life in this world and remind us that there is a better life beyond the grave, for the good and faithful are not only promised the life that now is, but that which is to come.

ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOP, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Georgia, was born September 25, 1853, and died November 13, 1910.

During the period contained within said dates his life's work will be found, and we pause a little while here to-day from the daily routine to review and consider his service to his State, his people, and his country, as a tribute to his memory.

With him the door of opportunity is now closed to change, alter, or renew his career, and to a generous public it is now submitted for judgment upon the work performed, the results accomplished, and the influence he exerted, with the fond hope that it will be approved by the verdict of his countrymen.

Senator CLAY was born and reared to manhood in Georgia amidst turbulent scenes and impressive environments enacted in his State. It was during that age of life when incidents irrevocably fix their imprint upon the memory of individuals; it was during a period freighted with revolution, which disturbed both domestic and public institutions and formed and fashioned a new order of public affairs.

When the Civil War broke out he was of sufficient age to understand its awful consequences, and bear witness to its destruction of both life and property, its obstruction to both domestic and civil progress, and its paralyzation of all material development.

Georgia, his native State, was blessed with a great storehouse of natural wealth, abounding in mineral resources,

attaining advanced development, a rich fertile soil in a high state of cultivation, producing enormously, divided into fine farms and large plantations, containing cities of thrift and enterprise, diversified manufactories, turning out annually vast cargoes of finished products, entering all the commercial marts of the civilized world, yielding enormous returns in profits on the investments of her people, blessed with a State government with a low tax rate and without a single dollar of bonded indebtedness as a result of the wise and prudent administration of its public officials. All these he learned as a boy around his father's hearthstone, where public questions were discussed and parental instruction diffused in the family circle.

He saw the great transformation of all these beneficent public policies which had been instituted by the patriotic influences of his revolutionary sires, who learned their lessons in public duty around the camp fires of the Revolutionary War as colonial soldiers, fighting for the cause of human liberty. He saw all this changed by the cruel fate of war, until the fertile fields were laid waste and the fine plantations destroyed, and both become the camping grounds, battle fields, and burial places of hostile armies contending in deadly strife. He saw the beautiful homes of her people burned, their improvements destroyed, and their occupants scattered, the thriving industries of her cities paralyzed, their productions cease, and these hives of human industry become the rendezvous of idleness and vagrancy, the development of her natural resources stopped, her mines and quarries cease production, and her commerce fade from existence, her towns and cities reduced to ashes, her wealth, the product of nearly a century's toil, economy, and business sagacity, dissipated; her internal improvements, sources of great public profit, constructed through the wisdom of



her statesmen, crippled and become burdens on the people, bankruptcy installed through the corruption, extravagance, and improvidence of her State officials in the administration of her State affairs, and deficit take the place of surplus in her public treasury.

He saw the nominal taxation of property, which had been ample to support her State government, displaced and in its place a tax levy enforced which amounted to confiscation to defray the public expenditures of her imported carpetbag government, which administered her public affairs and despoiled her credit. He saw a government without debt converted into one with a public indebtedness which equaled the entire cash valuation of all the property within the State subject to taxation for public purposes.

He saw, under the reconstruction of her State government after the war, the remnant of property not destroyed by the ravages of war confiscated by unscrupulous officials holding the public offices and directing her legislation for the purposes of spoliation, through pillage and plunder for selfish gains multiply the burdens of an already exhausted people oppressed beyond endurance; the high standing of the once proud State changed from its famous position and placed on the verge of repudiation and financial dishonor.

For more than 12 years of his early life, during its formative period, he witnessed this transformation, this interval of hardship and of public and private disaster, all of which was indelibly written on his memory. Reared to manhood under such circumstances and amidst such troublous scenes, educated in this disastrous school of experience, well fitted him for public office, for service in the interest of the citizens whose representative he became, and whose duty it was to serve for the restoration of their rights and the advancement of the public wel-



fare. It qualified him, as no other experience could have done, to faithfully execute the trust a confiding constituency intrusted to him, and it seemed the everpressing desire which actuated him in his public career was to keep inviolate this purpose.

When he arrived at the full estate of manhood, blessed with a dauntless courage, a rigid determination to do right—essential and indispensable qualifications for a public servant—he was called to the legislature of his State to serve for 10 years to aid in restoring good government to its people, reorganizing it on a high plane, that it might redeem its imperiled credit, reestablish public confidence, and inaugurate for it a prosperous condition which it was so well fitted by nature to enjoy. This work he so well performed, this duty he so satisfactorily discharged, that the people of that State thrice elected him to a seat in the United States Senate as a reward. What better approval, what higher commendation for public service could any man desire?

As an illustration of his purpose, I might add a single instance, characteristic of the man and his regard for public duty, which came under my own observation. I met Senator CLAY upon my entrance to the Sixty-first Congress at the beginning of the special session. We lived at the same hotel, and were daily thrown together. During the consideration of the Payne bill by the Senate we met one evening, and while discussing the events of the day, with much emphasis, referring to a certain schedule which had been considered by the Senate that day, he said: "Cullop, I voted wrong to-day on that schedule; it was against the interests of the people of this country and for the great material benefit of an interested few. I did not know it at the time. I have learned the fact since adjournment. To-morrow I shall have an opportunity to correct that vote, and I shall do it."

When the morrow came he did correct it and voted his convictions. Here was an evidence of the effect of the wonderful training and experience through which he had passed bearing its beneficial results on the man who had seen the effects and tasted the hardships which the betrayal of official duty and honor have upon the people. He knew what official misconduct meant and the injury it could inflict upon a helpless people, and for this reason he could not tolerate it or permit it whenever he could prevent it.

The example is worthy of emulation and proclaims him worthy of the confidence the people of his State reposed in him and the high estimation he maintained for them as a reward for their partiality for him. Faithful in public life, whatever the station he occupied, whether in the council of his home city, the legislative halls of his native State, or in the Senate of the United States, the greatest lawmaking body in the world, he erected to his memory a monument more enduring than any that could be built of marble or brass, which the cycles of time crumble to dust, while the other will exist so long as people cherish faithful service as a virtue of great moment in the discharge of official duties.

Life has its ending, men come and go, they perish from the earth and their places are rapidly taken in the surging scenes daily enacted around us; but the work of a man, faithfully performed, for the betterment of the people of a great nation, for the uplift of humanity, for the elevation of a nation's ideals, for the advancement of its progress, lives on and redounds to the glory and advancement of a civilization which can never stand still but must ever move forward or it is doomed. His efforts were expended to aid its progress and accentuate the diffusion of its blessings among a people who are destined to lead the march of the nations of the earth in

every effort to attain a higher destiny and a more perfect Government—a nation whose benefits should, like the rains from heaven, descend for the nourishment of all alike, and invigorate the poor that they may be able to cope with the great, and that its legislation should be so wise and just that it will strengthen the weak and grant no special advantages to the strong. With him life's work is ended; to it he can not add a cubit or take from it an atom. It is a finished volume, on the pages of which will be found inspiration for the young who are entering its portals, striving to attain a place in the public eye for the purpose of advancing the great cause of improved conditions for the human race.

Pause but for a moment and review the period covering the 57 years of his life—a period that has no parallel in all the history of the world. No like period of recorded time witnessed such a transformation, such an evolution in every department of life. Human agency never before made such development or human ingenuity witnessed such discovery; the brain and muscle of man were never so productive. To repeat its progress would be only a narrative of its wonderful achievements, and a comparison with any other similar period of time would only emphasize its glorious and wonderful results.

Considering this great historical fact, coupled with the troublous scenes he had witnessed, the hardships he had encountered at the outset of his career because of his location in the storm center of the Civil War, where battle and bivouac were all about him, we find ample reason for his ambition to support and aid in the wholesome administration of public affairs and the betterment of his people, a most laudable purpose and a virtue worthy of praise.

Like a tall and mighty oak in the great forest he has fallen to rise no more; from the shifting scenes in the panorama of life he has passed forever, but the work he

performed, the example he left, will remain as the heritage he bequeathed to posterity; and an admiring constituency, which conferred upon him the highest honors within its gift, will extol his work, praise his virtues, and emulate his example, that the rising generations may take courage and redouble their efforts in scaling the imperial heights in order to gain fame and attain an enviable position in the never-ceasing struggle of mankind for a higher and better destiny.

Every worthy life, it matters not how humble or how great, that goes out on the boundless ocean of eternity leaves some work done, some act performed, some word said which constitutes a shrine around which faithful and devoted friends weave a wreath of affection and on which they lay a garland of glory as an evidence of appreciation and as a token of grief that the world may know that the work of a man lives after he has gone from among men and that mortality is succeeded by immortality; that we do not live in vain; that death is not the end.

In the soil of his native State he sleeps in the everlasting embrace of death, to wake no more. Surrounded by the friends of his lifetime, who enjoyed his victorious march to honorable station, who mourn his untimely death, who will ever cherish his memory, emphasize his virtues, and hold sacred his public services as a rich legacy of priceless value, devised as a heritage to his people and his State, for the inspiration of both to strive for higher ideals in public service and better standards of government, for the advancement of every good and noble purpose as the best and safest plan for the perpetuation of free government for a great and mighty people in a great and mighty country.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. LEE, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: The very wide disparity between the halting and feeble expression that I am able to give my feelings on this occasion, and the depth and bitterness of the loss and sorrow that the death of my friend has brought me, render the sad duty of to-day doubly depressing.

From the very beginning of my service he was a father and a brother in one to me. Wise, kind, gentle, and patient, he was in very truth a godfather to me in the years of my inexperience, and a safe and prudent counselor always. Our friendship and intimacy knew no interruption until the unsparing hand of death ended it forever.

It is a comforting thought now to me that I did not wait till his great heart and brain were cold in death to acknowledge my obligation and gratitude to him. His several illnesses and long feebleness in the latter years of his life gave his friends warning and opportunity to show their deep and warm attachment. His eyes closed on earthly scenes with a more gratifying realization than comes to most of men—of the high regard in which he was held by friends and associates.

Mr. CLAY's public life was not meteoric; on the contrary, his career shines with the steady light of a fixed star. Like hundreds of our public men who rose to eminence, he was born on the farm and his early education was had in the public schools of his native county. Already in the days of his youth he was distinguished by patient and intelligent application to all allotted tasks. If he did not grasp subjects of study at a glance, he no



less surely encompassed all its essentials, even all its details, by persistent delving, and this valuable quality of persistent, insistent investigation characterized everything he undertook after he had grown to man's estate.

In due time he came to the bar and in his chosen profession soon gained the respect and admiration of his fellow practitioners, who could not fail to recognize his paramount ability and his many lovable and engaging traits of character. His people, estimating his uprightness and ability at their true value, successively sent him to the city council, to the general assembly, and to the State senate. In the assembly he was made speaker; in the State senate he became president. These were large honors and he wore them well. His decisions as presiding officer were models alike of fairness and of clearness. He made great impress upon the laws of Georgia. Finally, there came to him the highest honor his State could bestow—his elevation to the Senate of the United States—and from his first election in 1896 to the day of his death there was no man in Georgia to doubt the wisdom of retaining him in that place just as long as he would be willing to serve.

His first election to the Senate of the United States was the only contest he ever had to make for that high station in the public service. The "recall" would have had no terrors for him had it been operative in Georgia. His chief concern was to discharge faithfully his duty as he saw it; his chief pleasure to be helpful and kind to family and friends. The knowledge and abundant evidence I have had that he included me among the latter is a most pleasing reflection. He died in the harness; for years his waning health and strength warned him to desist from his labors, but he would not. The unyielding perseverance of his whole life upheld him; the flesh might be weak, but the spirit was strong. And thus he fought the good fight to the very end.

Mr. CLAY's senatorial career is marked by that unswerving adherence to the precepts of honesty and fair dealing to which I have already referred. For him there was ever but one line of conduct—that which was dictated by right and equity. From that line he never deviated.

In the Senate, as elsewhere, he gave scrupulous attention to all his duties. He served on four of the most important committees—Claims, Commerce, Post Offices and Post Roads, and Public Buildings and Grounds. On each and all of these he did his full share of work, and his reports on any bill assigned to him were always luminous and exhaustive of the subject. Having ever in mind the welfare of the country, yet he did not fail to have due regard for the interests of his State and its people, and it was due to his watchful care no less than to his ability in conciliating opposing or conflicting views that many questions relating to the cities of Georgia and to her rivers and harbors were treated with liberal consideration in the Senate.

Almost from the very day of his appearance in the Senate he took an active part in the discussion of all important measures. It can be safely asserted, I think, that in this respect he was equaled by few of his colleagues and excelled by none. Without the witchery of highest eloquence, yet he rarely failed to impress his audience, even those whose views and opinions differed from his, by the patent honesty of his convictions, the clearness of his statements, the exhaustive treatment of every phase of the matter in debate. His uniform courtesy was notable. Never in all the discussions in which he took part did a word escape his lips that bore the sting of bitterness, nor was he ever guilty of insinuations against or aspersions upon the motives of those opposed to him. Thus it happened that he was always



sure of a respectful hearing, no matter what might be his attitude upon any question at issue.

To recount even partly the important subjects in the discussion of which he participated would be to call the roll of all the great debates in the Senate while he was there. I shall content myself with naming but a few, such as the annexation of Hawaii, civil government for the Filipinos, the Philippine tariff, the Railway Mail Service, ship subsidies, the railroad rate bill, the codification of the penal laws, emergency currency, liability of common carriers to their employees, postal savings banks, the establishment of a Court of Commerce, and, above all, the intricate questions of tariff legislation. In respect of the last named of these his great speech against the Sugar Trust, wherein he showed up in glaring colors the iniquities of that corporation, stands out in bold relief. It was the ablest indictment framed in the public forum against that organization.

Senator CLAY'S voice never faltered in proclaiming truth nor in denouncing falsehood. For him there never was, never could be, any compromise between that which was right and that which was merely expedient. "We will never desert principle, even to obtain victory," was his proclamation in one of his speeches against ship subsidy. He was loyal to his Government as he was to his party, which to him stood, to use his own words—

for absolute justice, equality of rights, economical and honest government, and equal opportunities for all men under and before the law.

But the time allotted me will not allow elaboration or even mention of the long list of great services rendered his State and Nation by the pure-hearted Georgian. Mine is the simple duty and privilege of laying a chaplet of friendship and love upon the bier of a noble and unselfish

friend. Senator CLAY's character may well be epitomized in the words of one whom he quoted in one of his speeches in the Senate:

The end of all worthy struggle is to establish morality as the basis of individual and national life, to make righteousness prevail, to make justice reign, to spread beauty, gentleness, wisdom, and peace; to widen opportunity, to increase good will, to move in the light of higher thoughts and larger hopes, to encourage science and art, to foster industry and thrift, education and culture, reverence and obedience, purity and love, honesty, sobriety, and disinterested devotion to the common good—this is the patriot's aim, this his ideal.

ADDRESS OF MR. EDWARDS, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: Occasions like this always mark sad days in recording the proceedings of Congress, and to me this is particularly a sad one.

We are here to pay this last tribute of respect to the enduring memory of one who was in close fellowship with all of his colleagues in both the Senate and the House; to the memory of one who was admired and honored by thousands and beloved by all who knew him well. To know such a man as we eulogize to-day is not only to honor and admire him, but it is literally to love him for the countless and beautiful traits of his noble character and for the genuine big heartedness that was an unalterable part of him.

I have listened closely to the eloquent and touching tributes reverently offered here to-day, and at times, in my mind's eye, I have again seen, so plainly, the tall impressive form and the sad but kindly face of my departed friend that I have almost been moved to speak to him, even though I know his ears are forever sealed in death to human voices. So lifelike is the mental picture I have of him to-day that I can almost see his firm and evenly shaped lips move in speech, as if to give utterance to some lofty argument in defense of the rights of the people, whose champion he always was; or as if to speak some word of cheer or of comfort, as if to speak good and not evil, as was his invariable custom. The mental picture of such a man and the history of such a spotless life is an inspiration to all those who have it hung among the other great pictures on memory's wall.

Great men are not made. Environment has a great deal to do with making a man, but truly great men are born and not made. A great spirit was born into this world, on a farm in Cobb County, Ga., on the 25th day of September, 1853, and that was the late Senator ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, to whose imperishable and loving memory we offer our tender tributes to-day.

From a farmer boy, after the completion of his education at Hiawassee College, he became a school-teacher and engaged for a short while in the noble work of training the minds of the young. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1877, and was an active practitioner of his chosen profession for many years. His worth was soon known by his people. He was elected and served as a member of the city council in Marietta, Ga., and then thrice elected and served in the house of representatives from Cobb County, the county of his birth, in the halls of the Georgia Legislature, in the last term of which service he was elected speaker of the house, in which position he acquitted himself with great credit. True to the people, meriting and holding the respect and confidence of his fellows, with his worth as a public servant more apparent than ever, he was elected to the State senate, and was chosen and served as president of that body, gathering about him increased fame and greater honors in the fearless and able discharge of his duties in that exalted position. That he was a great and true Democrat was evidenced by the early recognition given him as such in his promotion, in 1894, to the high position as chairman of the State Democratic executive committee, in which place he also proved himself worthy.

There were even greater things in store for this boy from the Cobb County farm. He had in this time firmly impressed himself upon the people not only of his county

and senatorial district, but upon the people of the whole State, and the eyes of all Georgia were turned upon "STEVE" CLAY, as he was affectionately known. So when a vacancy occurred he was elected, in 1896, to the United States Senate, to succeed Gen. John B. Gordon, where he served the people of the Nation with fidelity and signal ability until he was called to a higher office in the great beyond. So we see him, a boy on the farm, then a school-teacher, then an earnest advocate at the bar, then a representative in the State legislature, then as speaker of the house, then in the State senate, then as president of the senate, then at the head of the dominant political party in Georgia, and lastly in the United States Senate.

What an inspiration such a career should be to the boys of his State, as they behold the success of this great statesman, as step by step he rose, with his face ever toward the goal of his ambition, to the highest office in the gift of his fellow Georgians.

That he was a great lawyer, a great man, a great politician, and a great statesman no man will deny. Yea, he was all of this and more, but his greatness did not lie in these alone. He was great in the simplicity of his manner and in the sweetness and gentleness of his tender, brave, and courageous heart. He was warm-hearted and sympathetic, ever ready to listen and to aid. He was a tireless worker and was ever ready to respond to the requests of his friends when it was in his power to help them. He was a slave to duty, and through his great energy he was able to accomplish much. Like the great commoner, Alexander Stephens, for whom he was named, he was a man of the people, and gave his life in the service of the people whom he loved and who loved him and of his country, to which he was devoted and truly patriotic.

His death, while expected on account of his ill-health for several months, was nevertheless untimely and sad, and ended the masterful labors of one of Georgia's most beloved and greatest sons and the career of one of the Nation's greatest statesmen.

Let us therefore tenderly cherish his memory and emulate the virtues of his splendid career in private and public life.

While he was called hence before he was an old man, yet if life is measured by what men do and accomplish he had both lived long and wrought well. I am sure he passed to his Creator without a complaint or a regret, for he obeyed in the letter and the spirit the invocation—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURNETT, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY was born a little more than seven years before the dark war clouds broke over our beloved South. There were only four months' difference in his age and mine. We were both reared amid the mountains and valleys of that section of the South where wreck and ruin were wrought by both armies during the last two years of that Titanic conflict. To the women and children in country homes the horrors of war in that unfortunate section bore with hardest and harshest rigor.

Senator CLAY's family were people in humble life, and to such the gaunt visage of want often appeared while the booming cannons and roaring musketry were heard on every hand. Along the route of the armies, both in Alabama and Georgia, many lone chimneys attested the truth uttered by Gen. Sherman, that war indeed is hell.

Amid such scenes as these the youthful CLAY was seasoned for the hard race that lay out before him. To the southern country boy of those days the only opportunity for acquiring an education was during the two months of July and August, between laying-by time and fodder pulling and sorghum making. Thousands of the brave men who had gone forth in the heyday of youth beneath the Stars and Bars to follow the lead of Lee and Johnston and Gordon had found a soldier's grave among the mountains of Tennessee and the valleys of Virginia.

Upon the youths at home rested to a great extent the arduous duties of making bread for the widows and children of those who gave their lives in defense of a



cause they thought was right and a flag they believed to be pure.

In the still darker days that followed the war the embryo Senator, like thousands of country boys, was following the plow and laying the foundation of that mind and heart which afterwards made him the idol of his people. In spite of all the vicissitudes and privations amid which his early life was spent, the sparks of a laudable ambition burned brightly in his mind, and he seized every opportunity presented by those strenuous days to acquire an education. Struggling through the country schools, he entered college and acquired a good education for the country boy of those days. Having studied law, he at once became a leader in that splendid profession.

He soon became interested in politics, and when he was but little past 30 years old he was elected to the lower house of the legislature of his State, and in a little while was made the speaker of that body. In 1892 he was called higher by his people and elected to the State senate, of which body he was at once made president. The Democratic Party of the State of Georgia, recognizing the splendid elements of leadership in Senator CLAY, soon called him to the head of that party in the State.

But greater honors than even these were in store for this noble son of Georgia. His people knew that in him they had a man of the common people whose every heart-beat was in unison with theirs and whose loyalty to them was never doubted. He knew their conditions, because he was one of them; he sympathized with their adversities, because he himself had felt them; he knew their rough places in life, because he himself had trod them; they confided in him, because he never betrayed their confidence; they followed him, because they knew that in him they had a faithful leader; they loved him,

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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because he loved them; they honored him, because he was worthy of their honor. They honored themselves by honoring him with a seat in the United States Senate.

My acquaintance with Senator CLAY was more intimate than with any other Senator except those from my own State.

One of the splendid navigable streams of Alabama is formed by the junction of two rivers at Rome, Ga. Senator CLAY, ever alert to the interests of his people, was always a friend of that river. This river runs through my district, and my interest in improving its navigation brought me in close relations with Senator CLAY.

I always found him in this, as in all his other public duties, active, untiring, intelligent, honest, and courageous.

He had the faculty of going to the bottom of every important question, and in a short time his great ability was recognized by his colleagues in the Senate, and he was assigned to some of the most important committees of that great body. I have heard that Senator Hanna once said of Senator CLAY that, by his active and aggressive opposition to the ship-subsidy bill, he gave the Ohio Senator more trouble than any other man in the Senate.

But he is gone, and Georgia will miss his great, honest mind and heart, and, with Georgia, the Nation mourns. His family and friends mourn him, not as one who died without hope of the future, but they know that he died as he had lived, an honest man and a Christian gentleman, and that—

Beyond the sunset's radiant glow,  
There is a better land we know.

And that in that better land the soul of their loved one—

Rests under the shade of the trees.

ADDRESS OF MR. BARTLETT, OF GEORGIA

MR. SPEAKER: "Death aims with fouler spite at fairer marks," and surely the Great Destroyer and enemy of man has been busy during the Sixty-first Congress. With silent, sure, and remorseless activity he has gathered abundant harvest to his ever-filling, but ever-unfilled, garner—the tomb. Since last we met six United States Senators and four Representatives have passed on to—

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveler returns—

and each Sabbath finds us here in the House paying our tribute to their memories, demonstrating that the fatalities amongst the Members of this Congress have far exceeded that of any other in its history. All that they possessed—station, learning, ability, rank in office—all that they hoped for, could not for a moment stay the hand of the Great Destroyer. Silent, but sure and remorseless, he has heeded neither youth nor age, genius nor learning, poverty nor wealth, tears of relatives and friends nor the cold indifference of strangers.

It has been well said that our life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dry; it is a silver cord twisted by a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken, and death lurks in ambush in all our paths. Among this number of Senators and Representatives who are called away from the Halls of the National Legislature to—

Join the innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death—

was ALEXANDER STEPHENS CLAY, late a Senator from Georgia. I come to-day to pay my tribute to his memory.

Born on a farm in the mountain country of Georgia in 1853, when suddenly called from life to eternity in 1910, he had by force of his own character, ability, and energy and efforts been a member of the council of the city where he resided; representative in the House of Representatives of the Legislature of Georgia; speaker of that house; a State senator and president of that body; a United States Senator from that Empire State of the South; then elected by a loyal and devoted constituency for three consecutive terms; truly this is a record of public service which is allotted to but few men, and which should and does demonstrate the worth and character of our dead friend; and when we know he merited all the confidence and trust a generous people of county, district, and State bestowed upon him, we must say that Senator CLAY was a remarkable and a great man.

In his own biography in the Congressional Directory he states that he was born on a farm; and from his own lips I have often heard him speak of the arduous labor and toil spent as a boy in order to aid his father and his family and secure means to educate himself. He was never ashamed of his early trials and struggles. He knew, for he felt as all true and noble men feel, that no manly man should entertain anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances and no man should feel worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles in his path.

I had known Senator CLAY and been associated with him for nearly 30 years. When we were both struggling young practitioners at the bar, I first met him in attendance upon the supreme court, and during all these years our friendship has been close, warm, and lasting. I was associated with him when we were both members of the

Georgia Legislature, and I knew him intimately when he was speaker of the house and president of the senate. As a lawyer, he was industrious, attentive to the business intrusted to him, faithful to his clients, respectful to the court and to its authority; he sought for the truth in a case, and while he did not possess the fire of eloquence that other advocates may have had, yet the sincerity and earnestness of his convictions were such as to carry great force to the court and the jury. He soon attained the high position as leader of the bar of his section, and the plain, honest, mountain people amongst whom he lived soon became aware of the fact that in his hands their interests in the court were always safe.

As presiding officer of both house and senate, he was fair, impartial, firm, and just. This is demonstrated by the fact that when his term of office ceased, both as speaker and as president of the senate of Georgia, he had an army of devoted friends all over the State who rallied to him when he became a candidate for the United States Senate and elected him over distinguished and able opponents.

He came to the United States Senate in 1897. He soon attained a prominent position there, and it was not long before the Senate, without regard to party, realized his merit and his worth, and he was not only respected and admired by all, but loved by many. While Senator CLAY was not an orator, whenever he undertook to take part in the debates of the Senate he so thoroughly prepared himself upon the subject by laborious study of the subject which he undertook to discuss that he demonstrated the power of logic and reason which he so eminently possessed. His speech upon the ship-subsidy bill in opposition to that measure, where he met in the arena of debate men of marked ability and learning, distinguished him as an eminent thinker and debater. His

speech on the tariff bill in 1909, on the subject of the Sugar Trust, evinced great research and labor, and attracted the attention not only of the Senate, but of the whole country. So efficient were his services in the Senate, so gratified were his friends and the people of the State which he represented so ably upon the floor of the Senate, that at no time was there a suggestion of opposition to him, and the people of Georgia would have been content for him to have remained in the Senate as their representative for many years could he have been spared to them.

Senator CLAY was a lovable man. The law of love dwelt abundantly in his heart, and in him was mingled the milk of human kindness. He was most agreeable in his intercourse with all men. He had patience, courtesy, love of truth and justice, and above all, courage to do what he believed to be right. Unlike many men in high office, he did not hesitate to do the small things for his friends. The details of the departments, items of local legislation, for the erection of public buildings in small towns, appropriations for rivers and harbors upon the small navigable streams, these and a multitude of similar detail matters were given earnest and prompt attention by Senator CLAY for his constituents, and in endeavoring to aid the Representatives from his State, as though they were of the most vital importance.

Strong and robust and healthy when he came to the Senate, a long life of service and duty was promised him, but without warning some two years ago he was taken ill. Probably, if he had taken the advice of friends and physicians, he might have prolonged his life, but he deemed it his duty to remain at his post in the Senate and to represent his constituents, and heedless of the advice of friends, family, and physicians he stood at his post daily representing his people and performing



his duties, and when he went home the strain was greater than nature could bear, and the silver cord was broken, and he has left us.

He was a most loyal and faithful husband, a fond, indulgent, and affectionate father, and a true and unfaltering friend. He was loved by the people where he lived, and thousands gathered around his tomb when we buried him, and the whole country wept. He died when little advanced beyond the prime of life, but his success is equal to that of the favored ones of the day. He accomplished much, he acquired success, friends, and the confidence of all who knew him. When he was so suddenly called away from us and all these, the past yielded to him a great deal of gratifying retrospection, the present offered the richest elements of happiness, and the future beckoned and called him to high honor and ample resources of enjoyment.

What a noble example has Senator CLAY set for the young men of his State! True diligence, industry in business, regularity and loyalty in every undertaking, honesty and uprightness in all his conduct with his fellow man both in private life and public station, surely this is the basis of our social relations. This was the secret by which he achieved so great a success, and it should be an example on which the young men of our country should be proud to form themselves, an example that refutes the dull maxim of idleness and profligacy, and points out the sure and true road and the only highway in the Republic to honor, fortune, and reputation.

The life of Senator CLAY thus ended teaches us that there is a land elsewhere than this where the souls of such men go and live in immortality, for—

Such men are not forgot as soon as dead;  
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,  
Embalmed forever in its own perfume.



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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR CLAY

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We shall not see him again in this life, but we hope and believe—yea, we know—that in a glorious city, a great and distant city, he has entered a mansion incorruptible, “not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Our friend, as we do, believed in—

That God which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event  
To which the whole world moves.





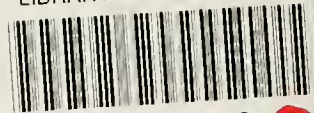








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